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THE REMNANTS OF CIVILIZATION & THE DAWN OF ANXIETY

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The Remnants of Civilization & The Dawn of Anxiety

by

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Report

Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of

The University of Texas at Austin

in Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements

for the Degree of

Master of Fine Arts

The University of Texas at Austin

December 2010

Abstract

The Remnants of Civilization & The Dawn of Anxiety

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The University of Texas at Austin, 2010

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The following report describes the conceptualization, pre-production, production and post-production of the film *The Remnants of Civilization & The Dawn of Anxiety*. It also contains the original film script and shooting schedule as supplemental material.

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INTRODUCTION

Oh, if I'd met someone like you at the start, perhaps things might have been different. Perhaps we'd have found happiness. At least we'd have died laughing together. Now it's too late. I have to go to this clinic, because that's the terms of my probation. Otherwise I go to jail for drug trafficking. And you – you go back to your stuffy English wife who won't even look at you and refuses to acknowledge your existence. God, how sad! – Lucille, confessing to Teddy in a language he doesn't understand, at the end of *Garden* by Alan Ayckbourn

I've been thumbing back through a couple of books that served as important reference points for my thesis film, *The Remnants of Civilization & The Dawn of Anxiety*. One of the most important – which is really, to be precise, two – is a pair of linked plays, written by Alan Ayckbourn, entitled *House* and *Garden*.

Both plays take place on a Saturday in August at a Yorkshire estate where the village is throwing its annual garden *fete*. One play is set in the house on the estate, the other is set in the garden. Both take place at exactly the same time in the story-world and are performed simultaneously in real-life, with the same cast, in adjacent auditoria in the same building. Each play is autonomous in theory but the design is such that the two plays complement and inform each other, with characters and pivotal events appearing in both.

While the formal element of having parallel action in separate narrative units is the structural foundation for my own thesis film, I think it's that monologue from Lucille, a washed-up French actress who can't speak English and is only attending this garden party on condition of her parole, that helped me conceptualize my thesis film. Her words and the situation conjure up a strange brew, a distinct combination of light-hearted farce and complete, utter, abject desolation. While there's something absurd to what she's

saying, in the end, this absurdity only works as a thin veneer to cover the fact that she's dangling over the abyss, hanging on only by a tiny thread.

This atmosphere of “light-hearted desolation” to quote Alain Resnais¹, was something that really drew me to Ayckbourn's material and subsequently served as a guiding light for my thesis film. I described my film to somebody as a “Melan-comedy,” so a comedy of melancholy. Within this report, I will try to explain the initial seeds of this idea and then the process of making said “Melan-comedy.”

¹Documentary film, *Resnais est un roman*, from supplemental material on DVD of *La vie est un roman* (Kino, 2009).

INITIAL SEEDS

If I had a great, unified theory of filmmaking, this would probably be the appropriate place to explain it. I've been thinking about this for the last few weeks and nothing comes to me. What I think I can talk about is movies – movies that I like, movies that are important to me – and maybe by explaining the specific films and reference points that I gravitated towards in making this film, something generally resembling a “philosophy” will emerge.

I had made a somewhat elaborate pre-thesis film, a documentary/essay film that had a completely liquid narrative skeleton. Almost every scene could be placed anywhere in the movie and repurposed, if one were so inclined. This was both a benefit and a curse as it made the process of editing turn into something more akin to writing a script, shooting new material and editing – simultaneously. I realized one day when making that film that I could change the entire film from the ground up very easily – like rewriting a screenplay and changing the main character from an alcoholic cop to a talking brown bear – and the film wouldn't necessarily feel as though it had been radically changed.

So when it came time to think about the next film, I started to gravitate towards a thesis film that would be a little more firm, a little less ‘liquid’ in its structure and which wouldn't offer an infinite number of options for me to worry about. I was already a little burnt-out in the fall of 2009, when I was taking RTF 488M, the class where we are supposed to begin the process of writing and preparing our thesis films. In the class I went through a number of ideas – a psychedelic/existential Western (it's like two for the price of one), a science-fiction film set in a re-education camp, and a ‘human relationship’ movie. The later I sent to my thesis committee and most of them echoed my

own thought: “This isn’t so hot.” But, one part of the idea for that film really stuck with me: an axiom said by Arnaud Desplechin that a film should have “four ideas per minute.”

Specifically:

I remember reading a line from Truffaut's archives, which has never been published. It was when he was reading the first draft of *L'Enfant sauvage*, written by Jean Gruault, and he was upset because he thought the first draft was really awful and boring. He loved Gruault but it was the first time he had worked with him, and there was this line – I'll make a rough translation of it – he said, 'How can you imagine that I would film a scene of four minutes to see one idea? What we will do, what I want, is for each minute to have four ideas, which means one idea every fifteen seconds.'²

This general approach towards writing I liked to call the “full meal model”: the film is like a five-course meal, with soup, appetizer, salad, main course and dessert. Another, perhaps more forceful, way of describing would be that it’s less a delicate little ‘film,’ and more of an orgy (albeit a modest one). The way this translates into practical reality is that individual scenes might function in different registers (i.e. funny and sad, high and low, refined and vulgar), or the film diverges into a contrasting direction that might not totally mesh with what had come before. It then becomes an extra task for the filmmakers to make these contrasting directions eventually coalesce into a unified whole. The ‘human relationship’ movie (which had a good title, “You Can’t Have It Both Ways”) I abandoned but this “full meal” germ stuck with me.

I was at loose ends by the end of the 488M class, not liking any of the material I had produced or was producing, and running low on ideas that held my interest. As has been the case for most of my time at UT, I ended up recharging my batteries through watching films – in this case, it was Alain Resnais’ *La vie est un roman* (1983).

² “One Idea Every Fifteen Seconds: An Interview with Arnaud Desplechin,” Jared Rapfogel, *Cineaste* Spring 2005, Vol. 30, Issue 2

I had gotten into an Alain Resnais “binge” over the Christmas break, having recently seen and been entranced by his earlier *Mon oncle d’Amerique* (1980). *La vie est un roman* was the direct follow-up to that film, using the same screenwriter (Jean Gruault, the same screenwriter to whom Truffaut addressed his “One idea every fifteen seconds” remark), though making a film that was totally different. While *Mon oncle d’Amerique* remains a superior film to me, there was something about *La vie est un roman* that got my wheels spinning. It was an imperfect film and its imperfections served as a starting point for a number of ideas I’d been mulling over.

Resnais’s film is set in three parallel time periods: a post-World War I castle where a count holds a gathering to achieve eternal happiness; a present-day academic conference dedicated to “the education of the imagination;” and a Brechtian, high-fantasy musical happening in locations around the castle. I should be up front and say that the idea for setting the film during an academic conference came directly from here, while the topic of the academic conference came roughly from a line near the end of the section set after World War I.

With *La vie est un roman*, there is the sensation that this is a movie which is continually reinventing itself as it goes along. What begins as a period romance – with two clandestine lovers secretly meeting inside a carriage – becomes something completely different only a few minutes later when a crowd of people, gathered around a mock-up of Count Forbek’s Temple of Happiness, suddenly begin singing their ooh’s and aah’s. Then everyone dies in World War I, then there is the Brechtian opera interlude, then in the modern day people arrive at the finished castle for an academic conference, then begins a strange, Fu Manchu-esque period fantasia where adults begin regressing into infants. It goes on and on.

The film didn't feel obligated or constrained to sticking to one specific note, or one specific pattern. I remember getting a little miffed in our 488M class at a short film that was screened, *At Night*, a Danish cancer melodrama that looked like it cost something like a million dollars and apparently impressed someone enough to be nominated for an Oscar, because after 30 seconds, it became apparent to me that everything which was expected to happen *would happen* over the next 38 minutes. It was a story about three girls in a cancer ward at Christmas time, focusing primarily on one and her relationship with her father. An informed guess would surmise that one will die unexpectedly around 2/3 of the way through, another will fall out with the group but then come back into the fold (maybe after the death that comes 2/3 of the way through the film), there will be an attempt at reconciliation with the father, there will be lots of crying, some discreet handheld camerawork to convey a little bit of 'grittiness' but everything will be *very* lit by soft or bounced light so as to not be *too* gritty. And there will be some 'poetic'-type moment involving snow at Christmas, too. These were my thoughts about 45 seconds in and, surprisingly, every single suspicion was confirmed.

What bothered me so much about that film was how polite and formulaic it was. It didn't take anything resembling a risk. Even in approaching the grim and heavy subject matter of death and cancer, it found a way to make it discreet and tasteful and, to quote Manny Farber, "almond-paste flavored."³ Everything became very rote, very predictable and very ingratiating, just dying to please you and wanting you to love it (and give it the Academy Award). This tapped into many things I really dislike about movies.

I have a hard time convincing myself that we need another delicate, sensitively-made coming-of-age film (shot in glorious 35mm, of course) to make the planet a better

³ "Underground Films," in Negative Space. Manny Farber. New York: Da Capo, 1998, p. 17.

place to live. Nor do we need another gritty, doom-laden crime thriller which starts with a man hitting a woman (it always is men committing violence towards women in these films, unless the woman is some kind of loose woman/femme fatale – in which case, she'll die in the end) and devolves into lots of genre pastiche, made by people born on the rough streets of Westlake Hills. So what impressed me so much about *La vie est un roman* was its verve. Instead of being slavish, its approach towards narrative was playful.

The film could be many things at once and, due to the talent and skill of its creators, feel unified as a coherent whole in spite of its many shifts. This reminded me of a line someone said in an interview in my pre-thesis, the motto of John Jenkins, rare document dealer and man who may-or-may-not have hired someone to kill him so he could get out of debt: “Better to fail big than do nothing big.” I might modify this slightly, to “Better to fail big than succeed modestly.” I think my disagreement with that Danish cancer comedy was that it seemed to reject all the possibilities of cinema, or the idea that a film can be more than a slickly executed, efficient application of a genre model, made with a few offbeat touches here and there to spice it up a bit.

But, all of the inventiveness of *La vie est un roman* really only served to highlight the element that I found the most impressive. That element was its tone. In a documentary shot during the making-of *La vie est un roman*, Resnais mentions that for him, the ideal tone of this film is “light-hearted desolation.” Segueing into what I mentioned before about the “full course model,” the tone of the film was what made it unique and interesting in the end, even more than its structure. If anything, its structure of intercutting storylines which had a thematic, not a plot- or character-based, relevance was in the service of further fleshing out this tone. And this tone – which was both light and grave, comic and tragic – came as a shock to me, especially with Resnais as his

earlier films are things I associate with being completely serious, lacking any kinds of giggles.

“Light-hearted desolation” really stuck with me. I started watching other Resnais films from that period and later – the ones a friend of mine said are “the Resnais films nobody likes” – and stumbled onto another film, or rather two films, called *Smoking/No Smoking*. These two films are a set of linked films, an adaptation of a cycle of 16 plays by Alan Ayckbourn. *Smoking/No Smoking* follows a group of well-to-do Yorkshire residents, all in various stages of depression and unhappiness, charting 12 possible outcomes of what will happen if one character decides to smoke or not smoke. We then follow the events that happen 5 minutes, then 5 days, then 5 months and eventually 5 years later. After about 40 minutes, both films ‘rewind’ and begin replaying different variations on previous events. So in one version, a character remains unhappily married to his cheating wife. While in another, were he to make a slightly different decision, he becomes a new man and runs off with a much younger girl. Then in that possible outcome, there are two more possible endings: one is he goes on a vacation with the younger girl, becomes annoyed with her, and then reconciles with his wife; the other is he gets lost in the fog while on vacation with her and dies.

Alan Ayckbourn has done a number of “structural experiment” plays, which form a kind of sub-genre in his enormous body of work. These include *Intimate Exchanges* (16 plays; the basis for *Smoking/No Smoking*), *The Norman Conquests*, *Sisterly Feelings* and, most importantly for me, *House* and *Garden*. It was after reading *House* and *Garden* that things started to click.

Those plays, which I briefly described in the introduction, were both set in simultaneous, parallel environments. One of the things that I liked so much about *House* and *Garden* was how the sense of perspective could change dramatically, in ways that

aren't possible in a more conventionally structured narrative. A good example is the potential romance between two teenagers, Jake and Sally. Jake has a crush on Sally, who has an inkling of this and keeps Jake around as her faithful sidekick. Jake's advances keep getting thwarted by Gavin, a smug politician who appears at the garden party and whom Sally has a crush on. What was so interesting about how this played out in the dual narrative structure was how events could take on multiple meanings depending on how they were presented. In *House*, Jake is more an object of humor as he makes lots of mistakes and awkward gestures trying to unsuccessfully woo Sally. Specifically, there is a scene, played for laughs, where Jake embarrasses himself terribly by reading bad poetry, which Gavin had put him up to. But in *Garden*, Jake's adventures take on a sadder quality, or this moment that had been straight comedy before has a very strong element of pathos added to it. We find out that the bad poetry Gavin had given Jake to read was in fact Sally's, and that Gavin was using it as a way of hurting Sally, to "put her in her place."

Of course, there were simpler variations on this where an event that occurs in B propels someone to do something in A, an action that before seemed illogical or goofy. But the bigger feeling I had was that of the "full meal" model of storytelling, where events could fire on multiple cylinders and exist in different tonal registers. Something that before had been comic suddenly had a more complicated, violent and bitter after-taste. I had thought back to a remark that Alain Resnais had in an interview regarding *Smoking/No Smoking*, an Ayckbourn adaptation, where he said he had kept thinking about a quote from Milan Kundera, from *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*: "Only being able to live one life is like not living at all." I extrapolated a bit from this and thought, along these lines, "Only being to see something once is like not having ever seen it." How then could you create a structure that would allow you – in the "full meal"

model – to convey multiple perspectives at once? To be an “orgy of perspective,” if you will.

This is how I eventually stumbled onto the structure of the film. By presenting events in parallel, it didn’t favor one perspective more than the other, and thus let the events of the film take on a greater complexity than if they were just presented simple, in succession, intercut.

So at this point I had three basic ideas:

1. Two short films, covering the same events from different perspectives...
2. Set at an academic conference covering the topic of the “problem of happiness”...
3. Which would be a comedy of “light-hearted desolation,” of “four ideas per minute”

One of the central dramatic principles in the writing process was causality between stories: so an event in part 1 propels someone to do something in part 2, or vice versa. Or you hear the pay-off to a joke in part 1 and then, only in part 2, do you hear the actual set-up. Every event needed to have some parallel function in both stories. So one of the first ideas that I came up with was a character leaving one lecture in the academic conference (the lecture of character A) and arriving late to the lecture of the other character. This type of action would become a typical “bridge event,” as I started calling them in my outline.

With this basic structural idea in mind, I eventually figured out two characters who will get trapped in this maze: Karl, an archeologist who has discovered a mysterious lost civilization called “People X,” and Madeleine, a cultural anthropologist who has

discovered a mysterious lost codex in Scotland. It's interesting looking through previous drafts and the general assortment of notes I kept. Karl stayed pretty consistent throughout, with only his last name changing from Hepplewhite to the final Heighgarden. The final statement of the tablet of People X that Karl translates – “Happiness is built on the misery of others” – has been there since the first draft.

But Madeleine is all over the place. She was originally Marianne Heighgarden, then Madeleine Barlow when I decided on putting in a handful of *Vertigo* references after seeing it again in Charles Ramirez-Berg's Alternative Poetics class (another is the hotel they stay at it being called the McKittrick Hotel – it seemed apt in conveying all the doubling that goes on). Her codex originally revolved around the idea that happiness was something that *shouldn't* be earned, which should be avoided since the overflow of feelings once achieved would cause you to “burst into flames.” This is an idea I still like – and I think it ties in better with Karl's section, with his lost tribe whose single translated artifact states, “Happiness is built on the misery of others” – but for some reason or another, it isn't there anymore. In the end, Madeleine's section focuses on the opposite of happiness, misery.

While writing the first draft, I saw the movie *The Thief of Bagdad* (1922), with Douglas Fairbanks, directed by Raoul Walsh. The last shot of the film really blew my mind. The Thief is flying off with the Princess on his magic carpet across the desert. As he passes by the moon, the stars begin to realign and form the words, “Happiness must be earned.” On paper, this bit sounds incredibly dull and hackneyed, akin to “God helps

those who help themselves.” It seems very American, very *carpe diem*, very “Take life by the horns.” I feel innately cynical enough to scoff at this display of over-literality.

That said, when I saw the final image from *The Thief of Bagdad* in action, it was incredibly moving in a strange way. I was working on this script simultaneously and it felt like a great counterpoint to the action on screen – it had an ‘emotionalness’ of a greeting card, something totally opposite from all the over-intellectualization of the characters on screen. Also, it filled an important structural need for me: it was Karl’s “secret” that would convince him that his double (Old Karl) was real, and not just some crazy guy in his hotel bedroom who looked similar to him. In the end, the clip appears three times in the final film: once in both of the illustrated prologues and then at the end, in a shot meant to duplicate the composition from *The Thief of Bagdad*.

And then there are the illustrated prologues. These also exist from the very first draft of the script onwards, with the actual narration being revised pretty drastically in Madeleine’s prologue and in the conclusion from the first draft to final film. I guess the entire film walks a fine line between narrative density and feigned “quirkiness.” My hope was to strive for the former, and fight as hard as possible to avoid the latter. The illustrated prologues were helpful in conveying the maximum amount of information possible in the least amount of time. Of course, I couldn’t afford to fly to the Scottish moors and restage some scene from *Wuthering Heights* with Madeleine on the coastline. So instead, I used illustrations with an omniscient voiceover, like the narration from some 19th-century novel.

The other benefit the omniscient narration gave me is it provides information in an upfront, direct manner – the kind of upfrontness that I liked about the clip from *The Thief of Bagdad*. As we’re mixing right now, we’ve gone and added additional reverb and echo to the voice of the narrator, to create even more of a sense of it being omniscient, or “authoritative.” The narration is so great because I can get away with stating psychological details or facts that otherwise I’d have to spend multiple minutes trying to work out in a conventional dramatized scene. The narration is used in the film because of a simple fact: it’s the simplest solution. I didn’t want to have enormous amounts of backstory revolving around “People X,” or explaining who Walter is, or the adventures Madeleine has in Scotland. Instead, it’s all covered in about 4 minutes in voiceover. I think this also covers my general approach towards the form of the film. I knew I wanted to make something that would be playful with narrative structure but I didn’t want it to be precocious or in love with its own narrative interventions. In the end, all the different narrative tricks are used as a way of conveying more information, faster, to explain more details about the characters and create a richer tapestry.

Looking back now, I think the tapestry still isn’t “rich” enough. There are elements that basically nobody picks up on, such as what the hell the guy in the neck brace is doing. In fact, his name is Nestor, he’s supposed to be Walter’s handler/a 12th-year PhD student who is following Madeleine around by Walter’s request. It probably would have been a simple fix had I realized it earlier: give him a couple more lines of dialogue where he *clearly* explains this. For example, during the scene where Nestor finds Madeleine at the hotel check-in desk, why couldn’t he simply have said, “Walter

asked me to follow you. Look, it wasn't my idea," something along those lines? It eluded me at the time...

PRE-PRODUCTION

Alex Thomas, the producer and a fellow MFA, and I have always talked about every film having a kind of “hierarchy of preferences.” Basically, with every movie (specifically: student movies), there are certain elements the filmmaker or filmmakers “prefer” more than others. So some filmmakers prefer a slick look, so the finite amount of resources available to a low-budget film are invested in that element: you shoot in 35mm film – which means you do fewer takes, you put your time into getting a decent 35mm package, you spend time and/or money getting additional lights, you need more people to come work on the camera and lighting crew. Or maybe the filmmaker’s preference is to just get done by a certain deadline or within a specific time table, so the emphasis is put on speed, on getting people who will show up at the time you want in order to meet your deadline.

For this thesis film, the preference Alex and I agreed on was getting the best actors possible and the best locations we could. So that’s how we began spending our time. The casting process is a long and winding road. We lost the lead actor about 4 weeks before shooting started. This created a large panic for a number of reasons, most of which are too convoluted to bother recounting. At the time, I thought this was the end of the world.

I’m very happy with the final casting. The actor who dropped out recommended Robert Pierson as Karl. He was in the Rude Mechanicals theatre company here in Austin along with Hannah Kenah, who plays Madeleine. I ended up casting a number of theater

actors. Shaun Tubbs, who plays Barry, was an MFA actor at UT whom I had seen in a play back when I was just starting this program (unlike me, he graduated on time, in three years). I think about 70% of the people in the film are primarily stage actors.

The tone of the film lent itself to a more ‘theatrical’ type of performance. Of course, this is modulated in the course of shooting to be more naturalistic, to be more “played down” in its specific context but this is a dialogue-heavy film. Also because I knew I planned on shooting with longer takes, it was important for me to have people with solid technical abilities, the opposite of the film world’s tendency to use non-actors who have good “presence” but can’t always memorize lots of dialogue. Along these lines, we rehearsed for about a month before shooting.

I tried my best to fight for good actors and, on set, to fight for the time to get the performances right. One of the things I’m always disappointed with the most when watching student and/or low-budget films – the kind of films that are either made at UT or made by its graduates – is that the performances are bad. I recall one thesis film from a few years ago where I literally felt sorry for the actors on screen. They were getting left out to dry and were floundering around on screen, doing their best to make sense of what the hell was going on. I resolved to try my best to avoid this.

What I think my complaint boils down to is an issue of believability or verisimilitude. I, as a viewer, don’t believe what is happening in front of me. Even with all the elaborate production design, or fancy shallow depth-of-field shots, or shooting on film, even with all these niceties, I always felt like I’m looking directly at the apparatus of filmmaking going on right in front of me. The apparatus is never invisible, which is

normally what should happen when all the pieces of the apparatus are functioning correctly, and this always bothers me.

I think the fundamental problem comes down to the wrong preferences getting priority. The element that had to be at the top of the list was casting; after that, the next order of business had to be getting the appropriate locations. My hope was that if these two elements could fall into place, it would inform everything around it.

In the end, we shot at six locations. In lieu of going into details about each and every one, I can tell a story about one of them that is emblematic of the general “process” we went through.

After having lost a number of locations for the conference hall where the symposium will take place at, I found a great replacement for it in the Tarleton Law Library on the UT campus. Alex asked for permission to film there and, after getting handed off to about 5 different people, was told no. I asked Bert Herigstad, the RTF office manager, if he had any ideas. The problem that emerged was that there was going to be some kind of construction going on in the law library during the weekend we wanted to shoot – which didn’t bother me, since part of the story is that a plumbing accident happened moments before the start of the film, precipitating a change in the lecture spaces.

Bert found out who the construction foreman on the project was and, from his previous time working in engineering, knew the guy. He called him, explained the situation, and the foreman said it wouldn’t be a problem for his guys if we were shooting then. With the foreman’s blessing, we put in a new request with the associate dean of the

law school, trying to emphasize that we wouldn't be getting in anybody's way, we didn't need the place to be closed down for us and we would do everything possible to accommodate them. They didn't respond for about two weeks.

Eventually, they called back and we went through this weird process where I kept getting asked about firing off "smoke pods" indoors. The law library people said yes but, even when we were shooting, people associated with the law school would come up to me and ask, "When are you going to fire off your smoke pods?" I promised we weren't firing any smoke pods off. Then later, I would still get the question "When are you firing the smoke pods?" It was all very surreal – like a sketch from a lost episode of Monty Python or Abbot and Costello's "Who's on First?" routine run in a continuous loop. I wondered if maybe there was a previous production that *had* fired smoke pods off in the lobby but never got a firm answer either way.

This was the general ebb and flow of securing locations. Thinking about it now, this was the general ebb and flow of shooting the whole film.

PRODUCTION

I want to go out of my way to say that while the whole production process on *The Remnants of Civilization & The Dawn of Anxiety* was arduous, I feel blessed at having an excellent group of collaborators on this movie. With it being as ambitious as it is, I can categorically state it wouldn't have happened without their commitment and hard work.

With that out of the way, when doing a literature review of previous thesis reports written by RTF production MFAs, I kept stumbling onto stories of very bad things happening on set. Another MFA told me a story that he had cut from his report along these lines. He had gotten home after the first part of his shoot (an actor had decided to not come 24 hours before shooting, thus what had first been expected as the entire shoot had now changed into “part one”). After getting into an argument with his wife, he went to sleep on the couch. The next morning, he overslept and his wife woke him up so he could go return all of the equipment he had either checked out or rented – being a good driver of a U-haul is another invaluable skill for all independent filmmakers, incidentally.

When he woke up, he suddenly started screaming, “You’re ruining the crane shot! We have to get it before the sun goes down! You – (pointing to air) – we need to set up some C-stands over there!” He paused for a moment when telling me the story.

“Oh, did you have a lot of problems getting the crane shot on your film?” I asked. I didn't *remember* seeing a crane shot in his thesis film but maybe that was because he had never been able to get it. It must have been a painful moment he was reliving.

“No. There never was any crane shot. We didn’t have a crane.” He never could figure out why he woke up screaming about the crane shot. He said he started calling it his “‘Nam Moment” because, “All of a sudden, I was back out in the jungle, man. I was there.”

Having just finished shooting my thesis film when I heard this story, it totally made sense. Reliving the production process now brings back a lot of feelings of anxiety and panic, and I remember thinking to myself, many times a day, for the entirety of May, June and July, “This will fall apart and the film will never get finished.”

Mine was, for all intents and purposes, really quite pleasant, all things being equal. Still, I woke up one day in June thinking I was dying of a heart attack. I mean, my chest had a knife-like pain in the center of it and my arms were completely numb. As I was debating about whether or not to call for an ambulance, and whether I had enough money to pay the emergency room visit fee, I realized feeling was starting to come back in my hands. Gradually, it dawned on me that the chest pains were from anxiety, the tingling extremities from tossing and turning at night and falling asleep on my hands. My chest hurt for the rest of the day but it was bearable. I figured I should get along with the stuff I needed to do to get the film prepared.

Our shoot was from July 22 – August 1, with one day (July 31) off. On our busiest day, July 24, we shot something like 9 1/4 pages – and I think only jumped the axis once (maybe twice).

The director of photography, Therese Tran, and I had settled on shooting the film with the Canon 5D mk 2. The camera produces a nice image, with very tight blacks, and

works well in low-light. It and a variant (the Canon 7D) have become ubiquitous in the last 18 months it seems, and it appears like every student project that isn't shot on film now originates on one of these Canon cameras due to the fact it can mount still photography lenses which can create an extremely shallow depth of field. The use of shallow depth of field helps a lot in separating individuals within the focal plane from everything else, which I think contributes a nice aura of isolation and loneliness. We tried to stay consistently around an f/2.8-4, to avoid the so-called "depth of field on crack" look that comes up with shooting wide-open on the 5D and 7D whereby someone's nose is in focus but their eyes aren't.

Therese, whose background is in photojournalism, also was familiar with the camera as it's a modified stills camera. This point was very important to me since speed was of the essence. Having crewed on friends' shoots where sometimes only three or four set-ups would be completed within the course of a 12-hour day, we had to keep up a quick pace in order to cover the amount of ground we needed to within the amount of time we had.

That said, the reason I had asked Therese to shoot my film wasn't because she would be some ultra-quick technician but because, beyond our shared feelings about not dilly-dallying around, she has a great eye, she is great at manipulating exposures and setting lights, and we shared a similar outlook. We seem to share a similar love for natural light – or rather, the *impression* of natural light. One thing we talked about was a line attributed to King Vidor (who comes from Galveston), where he said there was one fundamental difference between American and European movies. In America, they light

the stars. But in Europe, they light the environments and then let people move around in them. What was very important to us photographically was creating a very firm sense of place, of characters existing *within* an environment rather than standing around like statues, perfectly sculpted with light, but completely stiff and boring. So the general approach towards light was of Vidor's "European" variety, where the space was lit as a space that the characters would inhabit.

We also decided early on to shoot with two cameras. I asked Colin Harrington – who had been the gaffer on a *Lya*, a pre-thesis movie I had shot for another MFA, Nicolas Siegenthaler, who did the illustrations in my film for Quintus and Ramses – to come in as the B-camera operator. I ended up asking him to get a lot of additional material on his own, so in the end he's officially the "2nd Unit Director & B-Camera Operator." The second camera was a real boon. In a practical sense, it meant that we were able to cover about double the amount of ground than if we had only been shooting with a single camera. Since we were already under the gun, this was a life-saver. Colin and Gideon de Villiers, who came out to run B-camera when Colin had to go out of town, also ended up taking all the reference stills used for making the illustrated prologues, as well. The other great benefit that came along with shooting two camera was the ability to film close-ups or singles of two different actors simultaneously – which often meant that both actors would be hitting their peaks in sync with each other, instead of one playing against the other off-camera.

With all of these different elements locked in place, we shot the film from July 22 – August 1. All things being equal, I think the shoot went smoothly. We got all of our

shots, we did enough takes to get the performances right, we only had one day that went over 12 hours (and even then, it only went to 13). The locations were all indoors, so when it went over 100 degrees every day we shot, it was only a problem when loading and unloading the U-haul.

There were a handful of problems that came up that I probably should mention, if only so that I don't forget how during the entire shoot I really felt like it was an impossible feat to finish the film. Day 2 started off poorly. The night before, a number of calls had been made to Emily Baker, who had been cast in the role of Roberta, the conference organizer. She was supposed to have come to set on Day 1 to try out a couple of different wardrobe choices. She didn't come. At seven in the morning, I got a call from her that she won't be making today, nor any of the three days of filming she'd committed to weeks prior, because she has a "staff meeting at work."

Alex, who had worked with Emily before on her pre-thesis, didn't really know what was going on. Emily had been receiving call sheets and notices leading up to this, and had even come to a rehearsal with other cast members. At the time, I was incredibly upset about this and nervous that we were now out of an important part with five hours to go before we started shooting.

Thankfully, Ro' Black – who had also worked with Alex, on Alex's thesis film, which I had been the DP on – had agreed to come out for a small part that would shoot today, as one of the women talking about Walter in the bathroom. While Alex talked with Emily, convincing her to come out for one day and take Ro's part, Ro' graciously agreed to take on the part of Roberta. I'm forever in her debt. She ended up memorizing

all her lines just before the take and I felt bad that I wasn't really able to give Ro' all that much in the way of directorial assistance. We talked for a bit before the shots but that wasn't always enough. My idea had been to rehearse a lot beforehand, since I knew that once we were actually shooting it was impossible for me to spend enough time exclusively focused on the actors when there are 100 different fires to be put out. Most of the material with Roberta involved shooting in longer takes, something that I've learned from experience is extremely challenging for the actors, and I had the feeling sometimes I was leaving Ro' out to dry by doing this without giving her much in the way of prep time. I'm eternally grateful to her for helping out when this other situation arose. And it's because of things like this that I feel incredibly lucky that the production went as smoothly as could be hoped for.

Any nervousness that this might be a sign of more difficult things to come was pretty much unfounded. On the first day, we shot in the CMA building, in Studio 4A for about two hours, filming the two letters that Walter reads to camera. For the next three days, we shot at the Tarleton Law Library, filming all the scenes at the conference hall, in the lecture auditorium and bathroom.

I remember during the last day of shooting at the law library feeling a sense of things starting to come together. David Yépez Conley, the art director, did a fantastic job getting all the general *clutter* of a mass event like a symposium. He had suggested we make name tags for everyone at the conference and so I went into Photoshop and built up a template. It really worked like gangbusters and helped get all the extras who showed to think about their character, instead of just being "extras," standing around like warm

bodies. So it was around this point, as we packed up from the law library, having finished shooting the conference material, that I think we started to hit a groove.

On day 5, we moved to the AT&T Conference Center on Martin Luther King and Guadalupe. This is where I learned a very good lesson: as beautiful as nights are, night shoots suck. I wish I had something more profound to say other than that but there's no way around it: they really are awful, mean-spirited and hateful things. At the AT&T Center, we filmed the three scenes that take place in the hotel bar and restaurant, the two scenes in the parking garage, the two scenes at the hotel check-in desk and the scenes of Madeleine wandering around the hotel trying to follow Barry.

It was around this time that I began to notice general fatigue setting in. This was a slight problem since we had four more night shoots to go before our first day off. The following day we changed locations and went to the Crowne Plaza Hotel, just off of IH-35. It was something of a step down from the elegance of the AT&T Center. While we had tried our best to negotiate with the AT&T Center people to film inside their rooms, in the end it didn't work out. The Crowne Plaza management was great – they were shutting down an entire floor of the hotel for that month and so we could film on the 4th floor, all to ourselves.

Apparently there was some kind of bug infestation on the 5th floor when we showed up, and the front desk – not knowing that the floor was supposed to be shut down, or upper management having not relayed the message we were going to be shooting then – ended up placing a bunch of extremely upset tourists on our hallway the

first night. All of the material taking place directly outside of the hotel rooms or in the hotel rooms themselves was shot there.

As an example of the all-around high-quality of the Crowne Plaza, the first night we were shooting – filming the first half of the scene with Karl and his double – Therese moved a cabinet and found a used woman’s garter. Moments later, I walked into the hallway and a woman approached me. “Hey, what kind of movie you guys making in there?,” she asked.

“A student film. A short film.”

“No, you guys are making a porno.” She said this with a smile that made me a little uneasy.

“No, sorry. Not today.”

“Well, you should. I could show you things that would...” She paused for a moment, leaned in, arching her brow. “...blow... your... mind.” The woman had a big tattoo on her neck, “Sleepy.”

We had four days of this. Or not “days,” but nights. 7 PM – 7 AM. I threw my back out on day 6, and so besides being tired was also in pretty consistent pain. We shot two days with only Robert, playing both himself and Old Karl, and that section of the shoot was probably the least pleasurable. It was very slow. Instead of covering the scene in the traditional way – of shooting a master shot, and then going in for coverage to fill in the holes – we shot it the opposite way around. First the coverage, then the master shots, which were made through trick photography, compositing two separate shots from a locked-off camera together to give the appearance of Robert talking with Robert. The

fundamental problem with this is that if there are any changes that happen in the wide shots, when we see the entire body of the actor/s, they won't be reflected in the close-ups. We also had a huge problem with establishing spatial geography and so we ended up jumping the axis quite a few times, and some of the eyelines aren't totally up to snuff.

Having just finished the sound mix, this part was also the hardest to mix, too! Every single line comes from a different take. I read the character whom Robert was speaking to off-camera, so any lines that come from off-camera must be methodically pulled from other takes and timed to fit into the gaps created when removing my less-than-stellar reading. Because there were shifts in microphone placement and ambiance between takes, this was a real nightmare for the mix. Hopefully to override this sea of negativity, I should point out here what a great job Allie Towell did on the aging make-up.

We filmed the scenes with Barry and Madeleine for days 9 and 10, which was great since I could finally shoot some long master shots where people responded to each other more than one time without fear of shots not syncing up when composited together. I may have gone a little overboard with the long master shots during these days, but they were a lot easier. The hours were still draining. The way the production was set up was for us to shoot in one room and then stage a base camp in the room across the hall. So, the set for Madeleine's hotel had been the base camp when shooting in Karl's hotel room and vice versa. Therese and I always had a joke that whenever we walked over into the other hotel room during those days, the bed was always filled-to-the-brim with crew taking naps.

On July 31, everyone had a day off except for me and Therese, who went to go shoot some close-ups of signs and a few empty hallways at the Tarleton Law Library that we hadn't been able to pick up when shooting there the previous weekend. The next day, August 1, we shot the two coda scenes. First, we shot the scene in Walter's office in Rafael Salaberry's office in Benedict Hall, then we moved to Mount Bonnell. Mount Bonnell was completely crazy. Though it looks empty on screen, there are literally a hundred people right outside of frame, most of whom were blazing drunk and wanting to fight. About 80% of the footage we shot is in the finished film. Only the clapperboard was cut out. Everything before then had been controlled; I never had the feeling that we were careening off a cliff or anything along those lines. That day, I did. But soon enough, it was over.

POST-PRODUCTION

The post-production process started immediately after the shooting wrapped. Within two weeks of wrapping, I was able to cut together a 59-minute assembly. I realized then that I like post-production more than production. A whole lot more.

Before shooting, I'd spent a good deal of time trying to figure out what the best post-production workflow should be. I had worked as an assistant editor on a film the year prior which ended up losing three days' worth of master footage due to a post-production workflow "hiccup." Since then, I've become intensely paranoid about data back-up, especially since the thought of having to potentially re-shoot a single day (let alone three) is the kind of thing that gives me the cold sweats and makes me want to become an accountant.

Our workflow turned out great and we didn't lose a single bit of video or audio. Every day on set the excellent data wrangler, Alicia Shepherd, would back up all the cards we had shot and all of the audio recorded by Aaron Malzahn, a great location sound mixer, onto two hard drives – a master archival drive and then a "floater" drive. At the end of the night, I'd take home the master archival drive and back it up onto my computer (which has an internal RAID; I inherited this computer off of one of the first professional editing jobs I had – one where the "content co-director," a one-armed Vietnam vet and licensed professional councilor based out of College Station, threatened to come "get" all of us when he didn't like the first assembly he saw). Alicia would then take her floater drive to Gareth Witte, one of the post-production assistants, sometime before the next

shooting day. Gareth would trade out a new, empty floater drive for the full one Alicia was giving him. She then would bring the fresh one back onto set, and then copied the media onto UT's SAN network and onto an editing hard drive.

The good thing about this set-up was that all of the footage was backed up in 4 places, in 4 separate locations, within about 24 hours. Also, it meant that Gareth, Jon Otazua, Armi Nourkbakhsh, and I could all have the pleasure of syncing as soon as we were done shooting.

We finished shooting on August 1, and by August 15, a 59-minute assembly was completed. I've found that it's a lot easier for me to work from the point of ingesting footage to making a rough cut than from going from a rough cut to a final cut. Most of the overall work in the assembly has stayed. All the scenes remain in the same sequencing though I tried to reshuffle a few and that attempt failed miserably, entirely because the structure of the film from the script relies on one specific sequencing of events for the film to be coherent.

The work taking the 59-minute assembly to a 46-minute film (48 with credits) went much slower and was more a process of elimination and condensation than reinvisioning. A good example is scene 8, the scene where Karl meets Walter and Nestor for the first time. It is played out as a series of consecutive sequence shots, without any coverage. As it stands in the film now, Karl meets Walter and Nestor, then Walter and Karl walk over to the buffet table to peruse the offerings. Eventually, Roberta the conference organizer takes Walter aside and tells him that a woman he was asking about

“disappeared.” As soon as she says this, off-camera, we cut to Karl opening the trunk of his car in the hotel parking garage.

This is not how the scene was shot or written, though. Originally, after getting pulled aside, Karl and Nestor walk up to Walter. There is a loud crash off camera. People scream and yell, while Karl and Walter look off camera the entire time. Eventually, Karl asks Walter if “she” is a “friend of yours.”

When seeing this, almost everyone found it insufferable. Why aren’t we cutting away to the commotion, to what everyone is looking at? Why is it all happening off camera? It really typifies the fine line I had to walk with the film: where is the boundary between being mysterious vs. being infuriating? In the script, all these events would be played out a second time, and this is when we would see Barry colliding with the wall when Madeleine reappears. But I think this one scene really went a little too far and became a little too clever-for-the-sake-of-being-clever.

In the end, I cut this sequence from the first version of events that plays, while keeping it in the second. This meant losing the nice symmetry of having the event play out twice but I think it also helped keep the momentum up in the first section, when I need to be doling out 18 or so minutes of what is basically exposition to set up the repeating of events that happens in the second section. Dropping sections of scenes in the first section to maintain momentum became a constant theme during the edit and, not surprisingly, Karl’s section is about 7 minutes shorter than Madeleine’s. They cover all the same events, too.

Momentum and progression were two big buzz-words I dealt with a lot. The hotel room scenes are both quite long. I think they have a lot of good stuff in them to sustain their length, but in the edit, I felt it becoming more and more important to find a way to create a stronger sense of time passing, of it getting later and later into the night. Todd Thompson, the sound designer on this film who had composed the music/"droneage" used in my pre-thesis, thought maybe we could put the sound of rain in there halfway through.

The only problem was that it would sound like A/C hum to a viewer if it didn't have some visual corollary going to it to cue the viewer that rain is indeed falling outside. We were able to composite CG rain over a rain-free POV shot we had filmed at the Crowne Plaza Hotel. The rain was meant to mimic water coming down a pane of glass right in front of Karl as he looks out the window, to the courtyard below. With this visual reference point, it creates the illusion that now it has started raining outside and, by extension, it is later than when the first part of the scene started.

The majority of the edit process boiled down to detail work such as this. I rewrote the narration and re-recorded it with Joey Hood, trying to clean up the plot holes that had come up in Madeleine's section through less-than-stellar writing on my part. I spent a lot of my time going over, again and again, the timing of each edit. I realized that with comedy, especially humor of the "melan-comedy" tone of humor and melancholy I was aiming for, a funky edit that is only four frames off could really sink your ship. While one bad edit won't do you in, I found having only a handful made the film turn into death-by-papercut.

I don't want to give the impression that the edit process was me doing *exactly* what I had expected, more or less, with a few little detours along the way. It doesn't feel like that, thinking back on it. But then I might have a bad overall vision of the editing process on this film. My pre-thesis had been such a burly edit. A whole sub-plot about the fictional narrator being a time traveler was discarded with a week or so to go before picture lock, for example. In the context of that film, where fundamental elements could change dramatically and quickly, this one seems much more linear and straight-forward. Ironically, I think because of this it became more challenging. For whatever reason, I always felt more exhausted at the end of the day, perhaps because I wasn't seeing any real sea changes in the film à la what happened all the time with my pre-thesis. There is something invigorating about having the freedom (or the burden, depending on your point of view) to be able to radically change what you're working on at a moment's notice. I never had that feeling when editing this film. I mean, I can recall on a number of days feeling like I had done "major work" when I had trimmed something like 18 seconds out of the movie. This was the kind of micro focus that I felt the edit process took on.

I think maybe part of this "micro" quality is due to the dual timeline structure of the film. The structure of the script made it so that it was very difficult to re-arrange the order of scenes. During the writing process, I made sure to constantly have characters making mention to the scene or any large plot event that occurred just prior chronologically in the story. This then became the bane of my existence during the edit when it prevented me from reordering scenes or dropping a scene altogether. I'm willing

to admit that maybe I was just being stubborn in not wanting to really go in waste-deep and violently re-edit the film. It's still a lingering doubt in the back of my mind. Maybe there's some really great film buried beneath the detritus that is my thesis film? A couple of my classmates joked to me that, when doing fiction, I make movies that "resist change." My KB film was a one-shot/one-take film so I was literally picture-locked as soon as I synced my sound and chose the best take. And then with my thesis, the interlocking structure confined major re-editing if I wanted to maintain the integrity of the dual-timeline structure (which I did). But maybe I was just resistant to change and, had I gone in and torn the film to shreds and then reassembled it, maybe there would be a better film in the end. I don't have an answer to this.

Looking back on the film now, there are a number of things I wish I had conceptualized differently. As mentioned before, Nestor is a good example of what I feel I overlooked at the time. Why hadn't I given him a simple one-or-two sentence bit that would clearly explain what the hell he is doing here? As I was editing, there were lots of details that I felt I had missed, or I had come up with overly elaborate rationalizations in my head for why I should do something that made no sense when actually watching them play back on screen. I wish I had simplified Barry's story a little more. I'm not sure exactly, but I ended up cutting a lot of small material of his out of the story. Why does he hit his head a second time? In my mind, it was because he walks out of his hotel room and sees Madeleine standing there. That surprises him into hitting his head in the wall again – aided in no small part because he's full of dog tranquilizers. But then, if this is the case, why does he cheerfully say, "Oh, the disappearing woman!" Shouldn't instead

he say something like, “No, get away from me,” or be more frightened? And why did he put sugar in her gas tank? It was because he wanted to make sure Madeleine couldn’t leave so, in case he passed out from all the dog tranquilizers, he could find her the next day. This is a point that I’m not sure totally comes across. Again, like with Nestor, why didn’t I just add one single, stupid line and get this problem sorted out?

It’s a lot of stuff like this that still bothers me. I think Madeleine’s story is maybe a little underwritten. It’s not as nice and tidy as Karl’s, not as clean. I ended up doing the most post-production revision work on her story, primarily by totally rewriting the voiceover and changing a lot of fundamental material about her ex post facto to try to get stuff to make sense and line up. Where Karl has a simple ending – he chooses to use the name “Sumari” – Madeleine’s feels a lot more vague and unhelpful. I did my best.

It was a good experience. I haven’t mentioned the excellent music by Jon Steinmeier, or the illustrated prologues by Jeanne Stern, or the imaginative sound mix by Tom Hammond, I could go on and on. The experience has been exhausting and I’m looking forward to when I can turn this report in and be done with the film, so I can have the pleasure of sleeping and maybe rekindling some of the hobbies I’ve given up over the last 9 or 10 months trying to make this film. But I think my feelings of exhaustion mean that maybe I got close to that idea I had early on, of a film with “four ideas per minute” that would feel like a full meal instead of an hors d’oeuvre.

Appendix A: Original Shooting Script

INT. LARGE HALLWAY - DAY

A print-out taped to a drab wall: "IMPORTANT! DUE TO A PLUMBING ACCIDENT, THE CONFERENCE LOCATIONS HAVE CHANGED!!!"

A forked path. There is a floor sign with arrows pointing left and right.

Under the LEFT ARROW is a subtitle: "THE REMNANTS OF CIVILIZATION." Under the RIGHT ARROW: "THE DAWN OF ANXIETY."

PUSH IN - LEFT ARROW. THE REMNANTS OF CIVILIZATION.

CUT TO:

ILLUSTRATION - KARL HEIGHGARDEN

An illustrated portrait of KARL HEIGHGARDEN (30s-40s), looking forward with consternation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is Karl Heighgarden. Today
will be a memorable day.

ILLUSTRATION - KARL AT A DIG SITE

Karl stands at a geological dig site in a large, snowy mountain range.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Karl researches lost civilizations,
a topic he finds fascinating if a
little morbid. All these people are
dead, after all.

ILLUSTRATION - KARL INSPECTING RUINS

Leaning in towards the ground, Karl dusts off an artifact.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

His recent discoveries are very
promising. These could be artifacts
from a lost civilization, a group
he calls "People X."

FILM CLIP - THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD (1927)

The Thief of Baghdad, Douglas Fairbanks (Sr.), rides on his magic carpet with The Princess, Julianne Johnston.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One night out in the field, he
encounters a movie on late-night
public access television.

(MORE)

2.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He hates movies but he loves this
one. It becomes his favorite, a
secret he will never confide to
anyone.

Standing out in the middle of a desert, the Thief and the
Princess look up at the sky. The stars move to form the
words: "HAPPINESS MUST BE EARNED."

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This moment reminds him of how he
always feels when reading greeting
cards. He is overcome with emotion
and thinks back to it often... in
light of what he discovers.

ILLUSTRATION - DR. WALTER WALLACE

An illustrated portrait of Walter Wallace: imposing,
dignified.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
He will present his findings today,
at a symposium where the Dr. Walter
Wallace will be present.

KARL (V.O.)
Wallace really dared the elements
with his study, *The Sexual
Fantasies of the Windsor Bay
Workmen*. Revolutionary.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL FOYER - DAY

The foyer is empty.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Now here is where things start to
get tricky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE HALL FOYER - DAY

The foyer is now full of people.

ROBERTA (O.C.)
I have something terrible to tell
you-

CLOSE UP - KARL HEIGHGARDEN

Karl, in the flesh, turns his head.

KARL
I'm sorry?

ROBERTA
The plumbing setback has changed
everything. It's... chaos.

ROBERTA (40s), the conference organizer, stands in a state of
panic.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
We just put up signs, we've had to
change the room for your lecture.
You see, the plumbing...

Karl, unfazed, sees something in the distance.

KARL'S POV: WALTER WALLACE stands in the corner, talking to
JUDY, a pregnant woman. *

WALTER
I find pregnant woman incredibly
sexy.

Karl swallows nervously.

KARL
(fixated on Wallace)
Yes, that's fine... Geeze. He's
younger than me.

GARETH (O.C.)
Ah, sexo-cultural exchange!

Karl's colleague, GARETH (30s-40s), appears and motions
towards Walter and Judy, the pregnant woman. *

GARETH (O.C.) (CONT'D)
That is why I love these
conferences. All symposia are a get-
together for one thing: ad-ven-
ture. So much cultural ASS-
ociation, so little time.

Gareth rubs his hands together, searching for fresh meat.

KARL
Did you know he was that young?

4.

GARETH

Sure. Boy wonder. Author of *The Sexual Fantasies of the Windsor Bay Workmen*. "Revolutionary." Too bad he's been coasting for the last 15 years.

*
*
*

KARL

Huh.

Karl turns his head and sees someone else in the distance.

KARL'S POV: MADELEINE HEIGHGARDEN (mid-30s) converses with another conference attendee, BARRY, who wears a purple shirt. Madeleine looks up and sees Karl, making eye contact with him.

*
*
*

Karl continues looking at Madeleine, never acknowledging Gareth.

KARL (CONT'D)

Surprised you're here.

KARL'S POV: Madeleine receives a NOTE from Roberta, who points over towards Walter. Karl looks over to Walter, still engaged in conversation with the Pregnant Woman, unaware that he is being watched.

Barry quickly excuses himself as Madeleine starts reading the note.

GARETH

Oh no, I have 48 hours before I need to be at methadone maintenance. Plus I doubt those drug trafficking charges will stick. Karl, I need to be here. I'm committed to the betterment of our discipline. You know what I mean?

*

KARL

I should use the bathroom before I go on.

In the middle of the conference hall, Roberta uses rolled-up paper as an ad-hoc megaphone.

ROBERTA

Everyone, the plumbing setback has been resolved! We can start the talks!

DISTANT VOICE (O.C.)
Oh yes, I am interested in
recapturing my spirit animal...

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Karl walks down the hallway to his lecture hall. Going in the opposite direction, Madeleine passes him by.

SLOW MOTION - As they pass, their hands brush.

Karl turns his head to look back at Madeleine.

KARL (V.O.)
Our findings are curious.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Karl stands at the front of the lecture hall. Most attendees are asleep. Behind him, a slide is projected onto a large screen. It reads: "THE REMNANTS OF CIVILIZATION." There is a photo from his dig site.

KARL
This civilization was a complete
mystery to us. An unnamed tribe who
had disappeared *en masse*.

Karl changes slides, now showing a sample of hieroglyphic writing.

KARL (CONT'D)
This tribe, whom we call "People
X," used a strange language,
completely foreign to the region-

There is a loud BANG in the audience, interrupting Karl.

Barry fumbles trying to get out of the auditorium. In the process, he spills HOT COFFEE on his pants.

BARRY
Ow, geeze! Oh, I'm so sorry,
sorry... excuse me...

Karl looks at him with dagger eyes. As does Walter, who is sitting in the audience. Barry leaves.

KARL
Yes, I was saying...

Karl stands awkwardly, at a loss for words.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
Their language!

KARL
Right, thank you.
(back in it)
We've only been able to translate
this single fragment here.
Depending on the interpretation of
some morphological irregularities,
this reads, "Happiness is built on
the misery of others."

Beat. He scratches his head.

KARL (CONT'D)
Though "misery" could also be
translated as "sweat-furrowed
brows."

INT. CONFERENCE HALL FOYER - LATER

A handful of people congratulate Karl.

KARL
Oh, thank you, thank you...

WALTER (O.C.)
People X. Simply remarkable
findings.

Karl turns and stops cold. Walter stands there with NESTOR,
his handler.

NESTOR
This is Dr. Walter Wallace.

KARL
(ignoring Nestor)
Thank you very much.

Roberta passes back and forth in the background, panicked.
She looks more agitated than usual.

WALTER
(distracted)
Yes, remarkable. Are you staying at
the McKittrick?

KARL
Yes.

WALTER
I'm not. I don't stay where all the
plebs do-

NESTOR
(interjecting)
Its atmosphere is a little too
frantic for his tastes. Dr. Wallace
is a workaholic. He is VERY busy.
He needs to protect his focus.

WALTER
Let's keep our feelers out. 9:30
tonight maybe, would that work?

KARL
Yeah. Sure.

Suddenly, Walter appears distracted, gazing intensely at
someone off in the distance. Karl looks at Walter strangely,
not knowing what to make of Walter's sudden change in
temperament.

Walter migrates to the food table, Karl follows along.

WALTER
Good. I'll be in touch with you.
These findings: fan-tastic. Need
some work but I can help you with
that.

Walter pats Karl on the back, a little too hard. Walter
starts loading up at the table.

WALTER (CONT'D)
And now, I need a couple of stiff
fingers. In case you didn't know, I
found out my wife's been cheating
on me.

KARL
Oh. That's unfortunate.

WALTER
Meh, everyone else knows, nothing's
private anymore. Feel free to
discuss it along with everyone else
in attendance here. Bunch of
cretins wallowing in this liquid-
shit jacuzzi called a symposium.
But your work, really: top notch!
It sounds so provocatively
obscure...

Roberta approaches.

ROBERTA
Dr. Wallace. Dr. Wallace.

Roberta motions Walter over.

WALTER
(to Karl)
Excuse me for a brief moment.

Walter walks over to Roberta.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Yes?

ROBERTA
That woman... The friend of yours
we spoke about earlier. I know
this sounds strange but she...
(whispering)
Disappeared.

WALTER
I'm sorry?

ROBERTA
I don't want to make you nervous
but I thought, seeing as you know
her, maybe you would have an idea
as to where she went off to? Of
course, I'm not implying the forces
of darkness took her but...

A loud CRASH.

DISTANT VOICE
Oh my God! Is he dead?

The group turns around.

ROBERTA
(softly)
Oh no, oh no, oh no.

Walter turns and looks silently, knowingly at Nestor. Nestor
shakes his head.

NESTOR
Really, I don't know. I'm being
completely honest. I don't know. I
can find out.

Karl continues observing the back-and-forth between Nestor and Walter. Until suddenly, Walter mutters to himself.

WALTER
Madeleine.

Karl turns his head and sees Madeleine, the woman from before, standing at the far end of the room. He can't hear what she says. Then she runs out.

There is an air of chaos in the room. Karl turns to Walter.

KARL
A friend of yours?

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Karl opens his car trunk. As he pulls his suitcase out he sees-

KARL'S POV: Barry, now wearing a NOSE BANDAGE, standing suspiciously by a car. Is he POURING SUGAR into somebody's gas tank?

Barry stands as stiff as a deer caught in the headlights. Then he scurries away.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Karl walks in from outside. At the bar he sees Madeleine, sitting by herself. He walks over.

KARL
Hey, the disappearing woman.

MADELEINE
Like many facets of my life.
Believe me, most days for me aren't
anywhere near this interesting.

KARL
I won't ask questions. Karl. Karl
Heighgarden. We bumped into each
other in the hallway.

MADELEINE
Madeleine. Madeleine Barlow. I
think you were giving your
presentation the same time as me.
The same time I was supposed to be
talking until certain things...

KARL
(comforting)
We can always chalk it up to
collective hallucination, right?

*

GERALD (V.O.)
I thought you'd already gone
upstairs.

INT. HOTEL - CHECK-IN DESK - NIGHT

Karl turns his head with a concerned look to GERALD, the desk clerk wearing a cowboy-themed get-up. Gerald examines him more closely.

GERALD
Yes, I think you have.

KARL
Uh, no... The last name is
Heighgarden. H-E-I-

GERALD
Of course.

Gerald has already started typing into his computer.
Standing next to Karl at the check-in desk is JANINE, a
veterinarian, holding a carrying case. Karl looks over at
her. From the carrying case comes a soft dog's growl.

*
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*

JANINE
(to dog in case)
Don't worry, Barley Wine,
everything is fine. That's just a
costume, nothing to get worried
over. Don't you recognize the
cognitive error you're making?
(to Karl)
He's my patient. I'm a
veterinarian.

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*

KARL
Of course.

*
*

Gerald looks back up.

*

GERALD
Hmm, no, appears I was mistaken.
I'm sorry, sir. You look so much
like this other gentleman. But you:
you're so much younger!

*
*

KARL
(taking the compliments
where he can get them)
Uh, well, thank you.

Karl adjusts his blazer.

GERALD
Of course! Now it makes sense. He
must have been in room 208 last
week.

Gerald pulls out a keycard.

GERALD (CONT'D)
And now you're in room 208. Here's
your key!

Karl takes it. Cautiously.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

*

Karl walks down the hallway with his rolling suitcase.

*

He stops. He looks to the LEFT. Then to the RIGHT. He goes to
the LEFT and enters ROOM 208.

*

*

INT. ROOM 208 - CONTINUOUS

Karl enters his room. He notices a lamp is on. Karl walks
forward, suspiciously.

Seeing what's in the room, he STOPS dead in his tracks.

Karl turns around, leaves, and then re-enters. Whatever he
saw is still there.

*

*

VOICE (O.C.)
(resigned)
Oh. Hello.

Propped up in the bed is an OLDER VERSION OF KARL. Karl sees
his double: gray-haired OLD KARL (60s) wearing a cardigan
sweater and black-rimmed glasses, with an extra blanket
wrapped around him like a shawl. He also has a moustache.

They stare at each other.

*

KARL
Excuse me. What are you doing in
here?

Old Karl had been in the process of marking up some pages on a lap desk. He makes a few quick changes on the paper then looks up.

OLD KARL
Wow. The memories are flooding back. But your voice: you sound like a woman.
(to himself)
Christ, do I really sound like that?

*

KARL
(curt)
No. I'm sorry, sir, you didn't answer my question.

A LOUD THUMP. Karl pivots around sharply.

*

Old Karl shrugs, sitting in place. There's the faint sound of a man and woman talking. Maybe in the hallway...?

OLD KARL
Isn't in here.
(under his breath)
And "sir," I'm not that old...

*

KARL
I have to be dreaming...

*

Old Karl looks down at one of his manuscript pages. He crosses a line out.

OLD KARL
Maybe. But one thing's for certain.

*

*

Karl arches his brow, waiting for the response.

*

OLD KARL (CONT'D)
This dream will be my last one.
(looking up)
I'm going to kill myself.

*

*

*

*

Karl stands increasingly paralyzed with fear.

OLD KARL (CONT'D)
How do I say this? After a certain point, the never-ending disappointments can really snuff out the inner fire. There are a lot of things you don't know about... yet. But you will.

*

13.

KARL
OK. You need to leave. I'm going to
call the police. *

Old Karl takes off his glasses and looks straight at Karl.
They examine each other.

OLD KARL
What is your favorite movie?

KARL
I don't like movies.

OLD KARL
And now you're lying to me. That's
unacceptable. I still won't admit
it to anyone, either. You had your
meeting with the regal Wallace yet? *

A look of recognition washes over Karl's face. He slowly nods
no.

OLD KARL (CONT'D)
Oh, that's right, not until later.
Slipped my mind. Talk about a two-
faced little shit, that man. *

Karl turns pale, starts stammering. *

OLD KARL (CONT'D)
(noticing this)
Did I say something...?

KARL
I... really need a glass of water. *

OLD KARL
Sure, of course, I'm sorry, please,
by all means.

INT. ROOM 208 - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karl fills a glass of water under the faucet.

OLD KARL (O.C.)
Hey if you're in there, you mind
getting me one, too? *

Karl pauses for a moment. He peeks out the door.

KARL'S POV: Old Karl is still there. He has a loud dry cough.

INT. ROOM 208 - MOMENTS LATER

Karl looks out at the street below.

OLD KARL (O.C.)
Mmm, refreshing.

Old Karl takes a sip from his glass of water. Karl closes the curtain. In the distance, there is a KNOCK. Maybe from across the hallway?

OLD KARL (CONT'D)
(reacting to this)
Someone must be popular tonight.
Please.

He motions towards Karl to sit. Karl sits down across from Old Karl.

Beat. Karl and Old Karl observe each other. They sip their respective waters. Old Karl goes back to writing.

KARL
At least give me a hint.

Old Karl looks confused.

KARL (CONT'D)
About why you're here, gifting me
with your presence.

OLD KARL
Let's talk about something else...
How's your day been? Better than
mine, I bet.

KARL
People X generated a great
response. It was great.

OLD KARL
Sumari. The Sumari. That's their
name.

KARL
Really?!

OLD KARL
Subject of our successful book.
They'll make a career. But, big
picture: they're the road to ruin.

Karl groans in frustration.

KARL
 Today was shaping up so well.
 Really: I was so... happy... until
 I met you.

OLD KARL
 We have that effect on people.
 You'll get used to it.

Karl gets up and begins to pace nervously.

KARL
 I'm serious! You've ruined my
 entire day. My entire day and then
 some. What is it? "Happiness is
 built on the misery of others."
 (pointing at himself)
 Yourself included in that bunch.
 And quit looking at me.

OLD KARL
 It only gets better. There's still
 the humiliations, the bile, the
 defeat. That's a real liquid-shit
 jacuzzi.

KARL
 Jesus, you're annoying!

OLD KARL
 Heard that one a lot, too.

KARL
 Fine... fine... Christ, why are you
 telling me this?

OLD KARL
 Look, I just want to save you the
 trouble.

KARL
 Oh, thank you so much!

Agitated, Karl backs into a table and knocks his glass over.
 In the process, he CUTS his hand.

KARL (CONT'D)
 Ah, jeez, now look!

OLD KARL
 Cool your jets. Go handle that.

Karl walks to the bathroom.

KARL
So I have an idea: I'll drop
everything with People X.

*
*
*

OLD KARL
The Sumari. They're called the
Sumari.

*
*
*

Karl pops his head out of the bathroom.

*

KARL
And so if I just shut up, that
means poof negate all your doom and
gloom out of existence.

*
*
*
*

INT. ROOM 208 - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Karl looks for a bandage while washing off his hand.

OLD KARL (O.C.)
Look guy, it's not that easy. You
won't negate anything and this will
happen because that's how we are.
It's like she always said to us --
or told me and will tell you -- she
said we want the validation and
acclaim. You can't deregulate the
laws of gravity, as hard as you
try. You'll choose to forget about
all this-

*
*
*
*
*

Karl looks out to Old Karl.

KARL
I find that hard to believe.

OLD KARL
But it's OK. I've come to accept it
and... I don't want to argue about
it. I've had... enough of that for
both of us.

Karl bandages up his hand with a hand towel.

INT. ROOM 208 - CONTINUOUS

Karl walks out of the bathroom. Old Karl puts a hand up to
stop him.

OLD KARL
It's been swell but now's probably
a good time for you to go.
(MORE)

*

OLD KARL (CONT'D)
 I know you've got better things to
 do. Give me an hour or so and I'll
 get out of your hair. You can even
 leave your things here. Really. I
 won't touch them.

*

Karl pauses. They observe each other awkwardly.

KARL
 Uh, you really think that's a good
 idea? I mean this...

*

*

He makes a wrist-slitting gesture.

KARL (CONT'D)
 Maybe now's a good time to
 reconsider.

*

*

OLD KARL
 One of these days, you'll
 completely understand everything
 top-to-bottom. Our memories will be
 exactly the same. But it's too hard
 for me to explain now...

*

*

*

Old Karl looks down.

OLD KARL (CONT'D)
 I don't really know what to say
 anymore. It's a funny feeling.
 (beat)
 Life can be a cruel mistress, can't
 it?

*

*

*

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Karl closes the door behind him. He stands in the hall for a
 moment at a complete loss for words.

The door RIGHT across the hall opens up. Madeleine appears,
 equally shaken.

KARL
 Oh, hi again.

Karl manages a faint wave.

MADELEINE
 You look like you could use a
 drink, too.

KARL
 I don't know where to start...

Karl scratches his head.

KARL (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Is everything alright?

She nods faintly.

MADELEINE
In a manner of speaking, yes.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Karl and Madeleine get a drink. The camera sees them from a distance. We CAN'T HEAR what they say.

As they talk, Madeleine looks down and notices something.

CLOSE UP - Madeleine has a bundle of bloodied gauze sticking out of her pocket. She quietly crumples it up and throws it underneath a nearby chair.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. LARGE HALLWAY - DAY

A print-out taped to a drab wall: "IMPORTANT! DUE TO A PLUMBING ACCIDENT, THE CONFERENCE LOCATIONS HAVE CHANGED!!!"

A forked path. The same floor sign with arrows pointing left and right, "THE REMNANTS OF CIVILIZATION" and "THE DAWN OF ANXIETY."

PUSH IN - RIGHT ARROW. THE DAWN OF ANXIETY.

CUT TO:

ILLUSTRATION - MADELEINE BARLOW

An illustrated portrait of MADELEINE BARLOW (30s), looking forward with consternation.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
This is Madeleine Barlow. Today
will be a memorable day.

ILLUSTRATION - MADELEINE IN THE SCOTTISH MOORS

Madeleine stands in the Scottish moors holding a map. Hand on chin, she inspects the map closely.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Madeleine has an interest in
 language, what she calls our
 contact point to the catacombs of
 our brains, even if her friends
 find this all very, very dull.
 Words, they tell her, aren't sexy
 anymore.

ILLUSTRATION - MADELEINE ARRIVING AT A CASTLE

Madeleine gets out of her car in front of a Scottish castle.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 On her last research trip to
 Scotland, she discovered a fragment
 of a lost manuscript from a semi-
 famous 16th-century Anglican vicar.
 Its contents outline a plan to
 perfect the world, something which
 she has a keen interest in.

FILM CLIP - THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD (1927)

The Thief of Baghdad, Douglas Fairbanks (Sr.), rides on his
 magic carpet with The Princess, Julianne Johnston.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 She had visited Scotland three
 years earlier. In her motel room,
 she encountered a movie on late-
 night television.

Standing out in the middle of a desert, the Thief and the
 Princess look up at the sky. The stars form the words:
 "HAPPINESS MUST BE EARNED."

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Just as the film ended, the phone
 rang. It was the middle of the
 night. When she heard who was on
 the other end of the line, she
 froze. It felt like these words
 were suddenly caught in her throat.

ILLUSTRATION - DR. WALTER WALLACE

An illustrated portrait of Walter, different than the first.
 No longer the regal eminence grise, he obscures part of his
 face with his hand.

WALTER (V.O.)
 Madeleine. Look at the train wreck
 I've been turned into.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Their relationship had ended
poorly. She had confidence in her
decision to leave, precisely why
she always questioned it. For her,
the question wasn't what Walter had
turned in to but rather, who had
turned him into this?

*
*

ILLUSTRATION - MADELEINE ARRIVING AT A CASTLE

Madeleine gets out of her car in front of a Scottish castle.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
A new feeling invaded her life.
Regret. She kept the planet at
arm's length, the best way to
minimize her footprint on the world
around her.

ILLUSTRATION - MADELEINE EXAMINING CODEX

Madeleine, wearing cloth gloves, looks at a page of the book.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If happiness must be earned, a very
noble idea, then the same can be
said for its opposite: misery.
Speaking of which...

INT. CONFERENCE HALL FOYER - DAY

The foyer is empty.

MADELEINE (V.O.)
This is going to be misery. I just
know it.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Walter is scheduled to attend the
conference she is presenting her
research at today. This will be the
first time they've seen each other
in three years.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE HALL FOYER - DAY

The foyer is now full of people.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Things get tricky at this point.

BARRY (O.C.)
I'm sure we've met before.

CLOSE UP - MADELEINE BARLOW

Madeleine, in the flesh, turns her head. Barry, another conference attendee who wears a purple shirt, stands next to her.

MADELEINE
(distracted)
I'm sorry, come again?

BARRY
We've met somewhere before, I'm sure of it. Scotland... maybe?

MADELEINE'S POV: She locks eyes with Karl from across the foyer. Karl stands next to Gareth, who rubs his hands together.

MADELEINE
(distracted)
Scotland?

Madeleine nods politely but visibly nervous. She looks over Barry's shoulder, scanning the room.

BARRY
My research takes me there. Would have been a while ago. Not sure, at least a year, maybe 18 months-

ROBERTA
Dr. Wallace wanted me to give this to you.

Roberta hands Madeleine a folded-up note, pointing behind her.

MADELEINE'S POV: Walter talks to Judy, the pregnant woman, unaware that Madeleine is looking at him. We can't hear what they are saying to each other. *

Barry becomes nervous.

BARRY
Hmm, sorry, I need to go. I forgot something... very important... outside... *

Distracted by the note, Madeleine briefly nods to him as he exits.

ROBERTA

We just need another minute to sort out the plumbing issue. Don't worry. Though the extra water might be a nuisance, believe me: it's perfectly sanitary. I mean, you can confidently bathe in it.

Madeleine unfolds the paper and begins reading it...

SUPERIMPOSITION - WALTER WALLACE

Walter talks to the camera in first-person address.

WALTER

Madeleine, I must see you tonight.
Signed, Walter.

Walter's superimposition fades out. Madeleine's face drops.

DISTANT VOICE (O.C.)

But as a historical materialist,
how can you believe in spirit
animals?

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Madeleine sits in a stall and takes deep breaths. Judy the pregnant woman chats with SYLVIE while washing their hands.

*
*

SYLVIE

I heard the leak was gray water.

JUDY

I guess they've got the right person here then.

SYLVIE

Sorry?

JUDY

Well, you know what they say about Walter Wallace, PhD: you spring a leak, he'll plug it for you!

The two of them chuckle.

SYLVIE

And you know about that man in the purple shirt-

JUDY
Wallace caught him in the act with
his wife!

Madeleine's eyebrows perk up.

ROBERTA (O.C.)
Madeleine? Madeleine?

Roberta opens the door and peeks in.

MADELEINE
(annoyed)
I'll be right there.

ROBERTA
Madeleine? Madeleine?

MADELEINE
I'll be right there.

ROBERTA
(to Sylvie and Judy)
Have you seen Madeleine?

MADELEINE
I'll be right there.

ROBERTA
Oh, there you are. Great news: the
plumbing mishap has been resolved
and we can start the presentations!

Madeleine takes these words like a knife to the skull.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL FOYER - DAY

Madeleine composes herself. Stragglers migrate to their
rooms. Gareth and Judy walk by, deep in conversation.

GARETH
Baby, I have to be somewhere in 48
hours but until then, my time: it's
your time.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Madeleine walks down the hallway to his lecture hall. Going
in the opposite direction, Karl passes her by.

SLOW MOTION - As they pass, their hands brush.

Madeleine turns her head to look back at Karl.

MADELEINE (V.O.)
This text is structured as a series
of dialogues -

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Madeleine stands at the front of the lecture hall. Most attendees are asleep. Behind her, a slide is projected onto a large screen. It reads: "THE DAWN OF ANXIETY." There is a photo of the manuscript protected in a glass case.

MADELEINE
- that the phlegmatic rabbit
Ramses, seen here...

*
*

Madeleine changes slides to an illustration of RAMSES, a rabbit wearing a nemes headdress.

*
*

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
...has in its quest to "perfect the
world. To discover a harmonious
way of living with each other."

There is a NOISE in the audience. Barry, pants coffee-stained, enters into the room. Though trying to be quiet, he loudly bangs into some of the seats. Barry waves a quiet apology to the crowd and settles into his seat.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
Unfortunately, only the first
dialogue survived a massive fire in
1704.

*
*

Madeleine changes the slide to an illustration of Ramses engaged in discussion with QUINTUS, a choleric GRIZZLY BEAR wearing a laurel wreath.

*
*
*

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
Here Ramses meets Quintus, the
choleric bear. Quintus has lost its
left leg earlier in a vicious
attack. Sensing an air of
condescension from Ramses, Quintus
tells him, "Aren't we all but
wounded animals? There are so many
things that wound us... failure,
betrayal, unfulfilled desires,
plans gone awry, hopes dashed." It
then goes on to say, "You suffer,
you weep. Just like me. All of
you."

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AUDIENCE MEMBER
Hey, where did she go?!

Madeleine stops. She smiles. Nervously.

MADELEINE
Sorry?

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2
Guess the anxiety dawned on her!

Her eyes open. She looks around.

MADELEINE
Excuse me, I'm right here.

It appears as if she is invisible to the audience.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
This is so unprofessional. The
plumbing and now this...

AUDIENCE MEMBER 3
What happened? I was asleep.

A mild commotion begins, under the steely gaze of Quintus and Ramses. The audience is still mostly asleep.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL FOYER - DAY

Roberta and Barry are in discussion, standing right next to Madeleine.

ROBERTA
...And you're alright, right?

BARRY
Oh this, nothing serious.
Thankfully it was a hot drink.

He motions to an enormous fanning coffee stain on his pants.

BARRY (CONT'D)
This is so strange, all of it. I
came in, I clearly saw her. She was
saying the most interesting things
and then I blinked and well...

ROBERTA
Today has been one unmitigated
disaster.

(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
The plumbing and now one of our
attendees has been kidnapped by the
agents of darkness! Maybe they
sabotaged the plumbing...

Barry nods with an appearance of understanding. Madeleine
claps her hands. Neither Roberta nor Barry respond.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
(pleading)
Please. Please, go make social
banter. I know everyone is judging
me. We just need to keep this
quiet. Excuse me...

*

Roberta walks off. Madeleine looks across the hall.

*

MADELEINE'S POV: In the distance, Walter is engaged in a
discussion with Karl and Nestor. Walter glances over at
Barry, sternly, while not noticing Madeleine standing in the
open. Roberta walks up to Walter and pulls him aside.

*

MADELEINE (V.O.)
Hmm. At least one crisis averted.
This is surprisingly pleasant
except for the strange taste in my
mouth. Like wet cardboard.

Madeleine sits down on a bench at the side of the room.
Suddenly, there is a LOUD CRASH-

DISTANT VOICE
Oh my God! Is he dead?

Barry has run straight into a nearby glass door. Blood
STREAMS out of his nose, down his hands, onto the floor.

BARRY
(to Madeleine)
How did you get there?!

He points at Madeleine, her eyes open up. EVERYONE in the
room turns and looks at her.

Gareth comes over to Barry, patting him on the shoulder but
mostly ignoring him. The focus is on Madeleine.

GARETH
(to Barry)
Hey man, don't sweat it. Let it
ride, let it ride...
(to crowd)
Don't worry! He's ace!

Gareth rockets a THUMBS UP.

Madeleine looks to Gareth, then Barry, then Roberta, who is standing in front of--

MADELEINE'S POV: Walter. Looking directly at her. He mouths "MADELEINE" in a worried tone.

MADELEINE
I'm fine. Thanks for your concern.
I have to go.

She bolts out the door.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Madeleine sits at the bar, looking at someone off-screen.

KARL
(comforting)
We can always chalk it up to
collective hallucination.

MADELEINE'S POV: Over Karl's shoulder, Barry walks by with a NOSE BANDAGE on, carrying a large plastic bag. He looks over his shoulder and scuttles off.

MADELEINE
I appreciate the support. Uh,
excuse me for a minute...

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Madeleine walks down the hallway, intent on following Barry. As she approaches an opening, she spots Nestor, rolling his suitcase along. She pauses and then starts to slowly back up. As she maneuvers behind a plant, Nestor looks over in her direction.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Madeleine SLAMS her car trunk. She starts walking with her rolling suitcase but stops when she sees:

Her GAS CAP has been tampered with.

A thin line of a sticky substance streams down from the tank. She touches it and smells her finger.

MADELEINE
(to herself)
Sugar?

INT. HOTEL - CHECK-IN DESK - NIGHT

Madeleine taps her fingers nervously on the check-in desk.

GERALD
You'll be in room 207.

Gerald, the desk clerk wearing a cowboy-themed get-up, leaves to get something. Madeleine, visibly nervous, scans the lobby.

NESTOR (O.C.)
Oh, hello, Madeleine.

MADELEINE
Oh sorry...
(searching)
"Madeleine"?

Nestor approaches.

NESTOR
Yes, you're Madeleine Barlow-

MADELEINE
No, sorry, I'm...

GERALD
Here you go, Ms. Barlow. Room 207.

Gerald hands her a key with a courteous smile. Madeleine grabs it from Gerald.

MADELEINE
(sharply)
Yes, thank you very much.

She walks off. Quickly.

GERALD
(calling out)
And it looks like someone was
trying to leave a phone message for
you earlier...

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Madeleine walks down the hallway with her rolling suitcase.

She stops. She looks to the left, then to the right. She turns to the RIGHT and sees:

ROOM 207.

A LOUD THUNK!

Madeleine, startled, looks up and sees Barry doubled over on the floor. He lets out a muffled series of MOANS.

She glances around to see if anyone else is in the hallway. It is completely deserted. Barry moans again.

MADELEINE
What just happened? *

BARRY
I think I hit my head.

She examines the top of his head. When she pulls her hand back, it is bloody. *

BARRY (CONT'D)
(happily)
Oh hi, the disappearing woman!

MADELEINE
You're bleeding.

Madeleine lifts Barry up. He has a HUGE BANDAGE across his nose.

BARRY
I'll be honest with you: today's been rough.

INT. ROOM 207 - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens up. Madeleine leads Barry to the bathroom and turns on the light

BARRY
Wow that's bright! *

(noticing himself in the mirror)
Wait, did I break something else?

Madeleine looks down. She tripped on something.

MADELEINE'S POV: A piece of paper, folded in half, on the ground. "MADELEINE - IMPORTANT" has been hand-written on the outside.

She opens it a crack and pauses...

SUPERIMPOSITION - WALTER WALLACE

Walter talks to the camera, in first-person address.

WALTER

Madeleine, after what happened this morning, I realized just how important you are to me. We must talk. I'll wait for you outside.
9:30. Passionately, Walter.

He fades out. Madeleine folds the letter back up. She then peeks into the bathroom.

MADELEINE'S POV: Barry splashes water on his face.

MADELEINE (V.O.)

After an incident with an airborne bivouac-

INT. ROOM 207 - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Barry sits against the wall. Madeleine produces a large roll of GAUZE.

MADELEINE

-I always carry first-aid supplies with me.

BARRY

Wow, you lead a really exciting life.

MADELEINE

No, not really. I go out of my way to not be exciting... You got me at a bad moment. That's all.

Madeleine goes to the sink and wets a hand towel.

BARRY

I don't think I've ever properly introduced myself. I'm Barry. Barry Downer. The irony... isn't lost on me.

She wipes a swath of blood off his face, picks up a bottle of rubbing alcohol. *

*

BARRY (CONT'D)
If you don't mind me asking, and
there's no moral judgment
associated with this, are you and
Walter... sharing a connection...

She shakes her head no and rubs a cotton swab with alcohol on his cut. Barry groans. *

MADELEINE
Sorry.

BARRY
I just assumed, with that note he
sent you this morning. I mean, I
ask because... I've been having an
affair with his wife.

Madeleine pulls out the gauze and starts wrapping it around Barry's head.

MADELEINE
Hold still for a minute.

BARRY
He was making death eyes at me all
day today. Not that he's trying to
kill me. I think of him more as the
psychological disemboweling type.

Madeleine wraps her gauze up. There is a stray piece laying on the floor with some of Barry's blood. Searching around for a trash can, she absentmindedly pockets it.

MADELEINE
What's her name?

BARRY
Hortina. She's from Romania. "The
Romanian Sensation." She's quite
impressive. Professionally
speaking.

A LOUD KNOCK at the door. They both turn.

BARRY (CONT'D)
(alarmed)
Are you expecting someone?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

MADELEINE'S POV - The hallway outside the room is EMPTY.

Madeleine cracks the door open. The hallway is empty. When she turns she sees...

Walter.

MADELEINE
What are you doing here?

WALTER
I had to see you. I was worried.
They were saying you were kidnapped
by the forces of darkness at the
symposium.

*
*
*
*

MADELEINE
Well, thanks for checking in. As
you can see, I'm perfectly fine.

*
*

Madeleine keeps the door shut. She looks into the bathroom.

MADELEINE'S POV: Barry sits erect, fearing for his life.

WALTER
(investigating)
Now a bad time?

*

MADELEINE
No, it's... It's nice to see you.
How are things?

WALTER
Shitty.

Beat.

MADELEINE
How is Hortina?

WALTER
Things don't always go the way we'd
like. But I want to fix that.

*

MADELEINE
Sounds like a bad idea.

Beat.

*

WALTER
I built up a nice-sized wall after
you left. I learned to settle. And
to be content with what I was
settling with. And... everyone
believes me.

*
*
*

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)
But seeing you today, I realize
what a failure I've become. I feel
so... massively... defeated.

*

MADELEINE
I always thought there was one
thing more important than love.

WALTER
What was that?

*

MADELEINE
Dignity.

WALTER
(shrugs)
Fair enough.

*

MADELEINE
I'm sorry if you're having a mid-
life crisis. I know there are lots
of people simply in awe of *The
Sexual Fantasies of the Windsor Bay
Workmen*--

WALTER
I want to start over. I've been
doing some soul-searching... There
is a famous mystical saying:
'Happiness is built on the misery
of others.' I think maybe those
"others" are our old selves. We can
take everything from the past...

*

*

*

*

MADELEINE
Please, don't start. Now isn't a
good time, either. I got your note.

Walter nods.

WALTER
9:30. I'll be waiting at 9:30. It's
important. I wouldn't have written
if it wasn't.

Madeleine closes the door.

INT. ROOM 207 - CONTINUOUS

Madeleine looks into the bathroom: Barry is gone. She turns
into the bedroom.

On the edge of the bed lies Barry in the fetal position. She moves forward.

MADELEINE
Barry?

BARRY
(softly)
You lied to me.

Barry has been leafing through a hand-bound packet with a photocopy of the illustration of Quintus the choleric bear and Ramses the phlegmatic rabbit.

Barry sniffs.

MADELEINE
I'm sorry. Are you crying?

BARRY
No. No, it's the water. But... I'd like to.

Madeleine sits down next to him and looks over his shoulder. She sees the illustration of Quintus and Ramses.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Those animals - that rabbit and the one-legged bear - it's like they've summed up my entire life, 450 years before it started. Your presentation: there was just something about what you said. Before you disappeared, of course. My heart's been filling up and suddenly your words made it... overflow.

*
*

MADELEINE
Humor me for a minute. Pretend I'm Hortina.

Barry turns to her, confused.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
What would you say?

He searches for the words.

BARRY
Say about what?

MADELEINE
 (shrugging)
 What you wanted to at the time but
 didn't.

BARRY
 I feel like I have so much love to
 give, but nowhere to give it.
 That's all. It sounds so simple
 when I say that, Hortina.
 (beat)
 Hey, do you remember how we would
 always meet in that restaurant you
 liked so much? Humari.

MADELEINE
 No. Remind me.

BARRY
 Kinda down-market place. Nice name:
 Hu-mari. Poetic.
 (tearing up)
 I remember sitting by myself when
 you went to the restroom. I
 realized maybe I want to love you
 but I don't.

*

MADELEINE
 (confused)
 Why's that?

*

BARRY
 I think I love you. You, Madeleine.
 And I think you love me, too.

Quiet descends.

MADELEINE
 No you don't. You say that but you
 don't.

BARRY
 Hmm, I guess you're right.

Barry nods to himself. She thinks for a moment, then
 carefully chooses her words.

MADELEINE
 Wait. I think I love you, too.

BARRY
 Really?

MADELEINE
No. But I wanted to hear myself say
it. It doesn't help, does it?

BARRY
No. Not at all.

INT. ROOM 207 - LATER

Barry stands at the door, looking out the peephole.

MADELEINE
Is he there?

BARRY
No. All clear.
(beat)
So you going to meet him?

MADELEINE
I'm not sure.

BARRY
It's very surprising, Hortina. I
remember you telling me - at
Humari, come to think of it - that
he buried himself in abstractions.
That he was missing that link
between his head and... well...
what did they say in that German
movie... his heart.

*
*

MADELEINE
I appreciate you reminding me about
that.

He turns back, his face covered in bandages and looking worse
for wear. Madeleine sits down on the bed, looking at the
letter from before.

BARRY
I'm sorry about putting sugar in
your gas tank.

Barry places his hand on the door knob, about to pull it.

BARRY (CONT'D)
I really wanted to talk to you. And
with everything that's happened
today, I thought I'd lost you.

He motions to his bandaged, broken face.

BARRY (CONT'D)
With all the oxycodines running
through my system, I can't believe
I'm even conscious now. It's a good
thing I met that vet.

MADELEINE
Vet?

BARRY
Yeah. Specializes in dogs with
chronic phobias.

*
*

MADELEINE
An animal doctor?

BARRY
That's what I said! While humans
and dogs seem different in so many
ways, apparently not so when
involving prescription-strength
narcotics.

*

Barry opens the door.

MADELEINE
(nodding towards the door)
You're right. You should go.

Barry chuckles to himself.

BARRY
That's funny. I usually don't laugh
about sad things... Like one of
those Windsor Bay workmen said to
our colleague Walter, life can be a
cruel mistress, can't it?

*
*

Barry closes the door and leaves. Madeleine pauses. She looks
down to Walter's letter.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Madeleine opens her door.

KARL (O.C.)
Oh, hi again.

Madeleine turns around. Karl stands outside of his hotel room
door as well, looking equally shaken.

He manages a faint wave.

MADELEINE
You look like you could use a
drink, too.

KARL
I don't know where to start...

Karl scratches his head.

KARL (CONT'D)
(concerned)
Is everything alright?

She nods faintly.

MADELEINE
In a manner of speaking, yes.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Karl and Madeleine sit at the bar. Madeline looks down, sees
the bloody gauze peeking out of her pocket.

MADELEINE
To be honest, I was standing there
the whole time.

KARL
Just standing there?

MADELEINE
Mm-hmm. Like your lost people. I
just... vanished. *

KARL
For similarly unknown reasons... *

She carefully tosses the bandages under a nearby chair. *

INT. HOTEL BAR - TABLE - LATER *

Madeleine and Karl are seated at a table. *

MADELEINE
This seems to be troubling you. I
mean, I'm perfectly fine. It was
even kind of pleasant. It's an odd
story, I know. *

Karl nods, troubled.

KARL
I've been getting into odd stories lately.

Madeleine squints at the clock. Karl notices.

KARL (CONT'D)
Do you have somewhere to be?

MADELEINE
I must have left my glasses in my room. What time is it?

Karl turns. The clock shows 9:30.

KARL
9:30. 9:30 on the dot. Am I keeping you?

She shakes her head.

MADELEINE
No. Just curious.

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD - THREE YEARS LATER.

A sunny day. Trees blowing in the wind. A long corridor in a university building.

WALTER (V.O.)
Good news: the preparations for the book seem on point. Illustrations almost ready.

*

INT. WALTER WALLACE'S OFFICE - DAY

A properly outfitted office. Lots of books. Nice view. Karl sits down across from Walter at his desk.

WALTER
I'll have my preface for you end of next week. Hortina, my wife, and I are going on vacation to celebrate our anniversary.

KARL
That's great.

WALTER
Five years.

KARL
Where to?

WALTER
Fucking Romania. What a shitty
country. Smells like garbage
everywhere.
(beat)
That's where she's from.

*
*

KARL
(changing subject
discreetly)
I appreciate all your help behind
the scenes.

WALTER
Of course. This looks like it's
shaping up to be something
fantastic. But there's still the
issue of a name. "People X" won't
cut mustard these days. Have you
been thinking about a new one?

*
*
*

Karl nods.

*

KARL
Yes. Thinking. Still thinking.

*
*

Walter raises his hands.

*

KARL (CONT'D)
We haven't found another artifact
of theirs. Only that one from
before. It still sounds so strange.
Like they deliberately wiped their
own existence off the face of the
planet.

*

WALTER
Which is why it's so interesting!

KARL
Which is why I feel uncomfortable
imposing some tacky modern brand-
name on them.

*
*
*
*

WALTER
Fair enough. They need a better
name. You have to throw a few to
the peanut gallery. Failure to play
along can be catastrophic.

*
*
*

KARL
I understand completely.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL PARKING LOT - EVENING

Madeleine gets out of the driver's seat of her parked car.
She gets her DOG on a leash out of the back of the car.

MADELEINE
I hear what you're saying... But
Walter has always been like that
with the book, hasn't he? He's
always... looking out for number
one.

Karl gets out of the passenger side.

KARL
You wouldn't have any more titles
to suggest?

MADELEINE
Besides the hundred or so I already
suggested and didn't pass quality
control?

KARL
(shrugging)
Sorry.

Madeleine looks down at their dog.

MADELEINE'S POV: The dog looks back at her.

MADELEINE
Well, I was thinking...

KARL
Yeah?

MADELEINE
Now that you mention Walter,
there's a name that just came to
mind. It was from someone I met at
that symposium where we met. With
all the plumbing problems.

Karl and Madeleine cross the street.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

Karl and Madeleine walk along the trail.

KARL
It's nice to think sewage leaks can
bring people together in meaningful
ways. *

Madeleine stops at a vista. *

MADELEINE
Oh, this is pretty. *

KARL
Seems familiar. Have we been here
before? *

Madeleine nods no. *

MADELEINE
The name was sort've poetic. A
little down-market, too. Something
like Hu-mari. Du-mari. No, that's
not it. *

Karl looks troubled. *

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
Su-mari. Sumari. That's it. It has
a nice ring to it, something about
it always sounds happy to me. *

Karl glances off in space. *

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
You don't like it, either, do you? *

KARL
No, it's a good name. *

MADELEINE
Sorry I suggested it. *

Karl nods. *

KARL
No. Sumari... Sumari. You think
it's nice. That's what counts. *

Madeleine smiles. Karl smiles back. The two of them have
stopped in front of an overlook, nearly identical to the
desert from Thief of Baghdad. *

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For three years, what he had been
told that night about the Sumari
had never left Karl's mind. *

(MORE)

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Well, not what but where: where he
 said he would end up. Karl decided
 then and there to ignore it, not
 forget, but ignore for the time
 being. "Happiness is built on the
 misery of others," said the Sumari
 tablet. Karl thought, maybe I can
 build mine off of the misery of
 that visitor.

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Madeleine glances out at the view and suddenly begins to look
 troubled.

*
*

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
 Madeleine always feared she was
 another wounded animal, like the
 choleric - and one-legged - bear
 Quintus had said. She kept telling
 herself she had wasted something in
 her quest to keep everyone at a
 comfortable distance. But now, she
 realized what she's always known.
 She had failed. And she hadn't
 wasted anything.

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DISSOLVE TO:

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FILM CLIP - THIEF OF BAGHDAD

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The Thief appears again, sitting in the desert with The
 Princess. The stars transform into "HAPPINESS MUST BE
 EARNED."

*
*
*

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 They were both haunted by this
 image, an image neither of them
 will ever know the other is aware
 of. It all appears so... opaque.
 Happiness must be like the heart,
 they thought. It continues moving,
 it never stops and you can never go
 back. Just like a movie, come to
 think of it.

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FADE TO BLACK.

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Appendix B: Shooting Schedule

Questions?
Contact: Alex at 502.545.0585
or Sarah at 319.530.8538

Dan's Untitled Thesis Film SCHEDULE

Page 1

CAST BREAK DOWN:					
1	Karl / Old Karl				
2	Madeleine				
3	Barry				
4	Walter				
5	Garreth				
6	Roberta				
7	Nestor				
8	Gerald				
9	Sylvie				
10	Judy/Pregnant Woman				
11	Audience Member 1				
12	Audience Member 2				
13	Bartender				
14	Janine				
15-30	Conference Attendees				
*** BREAKFAST/LUNCH IS SERVED AT THE CREW CALL TIME OF EACH DAY ***					
9 AM-NOON EQUIPMENT CHECKOUT UT CMB 2nd Floor					
DAY ONE: Thursday July 22 5 - 8 pm					
Location: STUDIO 4A					
Crew Call: 5 pm					
Cast Call: 6 pm					
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot
5 - 6 pm: SET UP					
6 - 6:30	4	pg 2	6	ILLUSTRATION: W	Imposing & Dignified
	4	pg 19	26	ILLUSTRATION: W	Humble; Hand over face
6:30 - 7:15 pm	4	pg 22	31	WALTER SUPERIMPOSITION	31A- MS: W
7:15 - 8 pm	4	pg 30	43	WALTER SUPERIMPOSITION	43A- MS: W
END DAY # 1, Total Shots: 4					
DAY TWO: Friday July 23 1 pm - 8 pm					
Location: TARTLTON LAW LIBRARY					
Crew Call: 12:30 pm					
Cast Call for 6,9,10, extras: 2 pm; for 2: 2 pm; for 1: 4:30 pm					
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot
1 - 2 pm: SET UP (including assembly of the dolly)					
2 - 3 pm	extras	pg 1 & 18	1 & 21	INT.LARGE HALLWAY-DAY	1A- EWS 1B- WS 1C- CU 1D- ECU left 1E- ECU right
3 - 5 pm	2, 6, 9, 10	pg 22-23	32	INT.RESTROOM-DAY	32C- WS Restrtrm 32B- M's POV: S,J,R 32A- CU: M
5 - 7:30 pm	1,2	pg 5	9	INT.HALLWAY-MOMENTS LATER	9A- WS: favor K 9B- WS: favor M 9C- MS: favor R 9D- MS: favor M 9E- CU hand 9F- R turns head 9G- M turns head
7:30 - 8 pm: SUPPER & WRAP UP !!!					
END DAY # 2 Total Shots: 15					
DAY THREE: Saturday July 24 8 am - 8 pm					
Location: TARTLTON LAW LIBRARY					
Crew Call: 8 AM					
Cast Call for all but 8 & 13: 9:30 am					
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot
8 am - 9:30 am: SET UP					
9:30 - 10:00 am	all but 8 & 13	pg 2 & 20-22	7, 29, 30 & 8	INT.CONFERENCE HALL FOYER-DAY	7A - WS 8A- WS 8A- WS 30A- WS 29 SERIES 8 SERIES
10 - Noon	all but 8 & 13	pg 3-4, 21, 26	Stage 1: K	INT.CONFERENCE HALL FOYER-DAY	8B- CU K 8C - CU R 8F- 25 K + G 8G- CU G

					8J- WS 30C- M's POV K + G 36B- M's POV K,N,W,R 8D- K's POV WS of W 8E- K's POV MS of W 30E- M's POV W,J
Noon - 2 pm		pg 20-22	Stage 2: W	INT.CONFERENCE HALL FOYER-DAY	
2 - 3 pm	all but 8 & 13	pg 23	33	INT.CONFERENCE HALL FOYER-DAY	CU M - circular pan to G,J
2 - 3 pm: SUPPER					
3 - 5 pm	all but 8 & 13	pg 4 & 21-22	Stage 3: M	INT.CONFERENCE HALL FOYER-DAY	8H- K's POV of M 8I- K's POV CU note 30B- CU: M 30F- CU: B 30H- CU R 30G- CU: M (pan) 11B- WS: K,W,N 36A MS (bg R,B,M) 36 B- M's POV K,N,W,R 36I- CU R rack to M 36 SERIES: Various Extras 11C- WS: K,W (bg: R,B) 11D- MS: R,W (bg: K) 11A- CU: K
5 - 8 pm	all but 8 & 13	pg 6-9	11 & 36	INT.CONFERENCE HALL FOYER-DAY	
END DAY # 3, Total Shots: 31					
DAY FOUR: Sunday July 25 Location: TARLTON LAW LIBRARY Crew Call: 8 am Cast Call: 9 am 8 am - 8 pm					
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot
8 am - 9:30 am: SET UP					
9:30 - 11 am	all but 2, 8 & 13	pg 5-6	10	INT.AUDITORIUM-DAY	10G- MS K 10B- CU K 10F- WS aud, behind K 10D- MS B 10E- MS W 10A Slide 1 10C Slide 2 10 CUs aud 10 SER
11:30 am - 2 pm			35	INT.AUDITORIUM-DAY	35B- WS M 35E- CU M 35A- Slide 1 35C- Slide 2 35D- Slide 3 35G- WS aud, behind M 35F- M's POV B enters 35H/G/J- CUs aud
2 - 3 pm: SUPPER					
3 - 8 pm	all but 8 & 13	pg 25-27	36	INT.CONFERENCE HALL FOYER-DAY	36A- MS R,B,M 36 F - M's POV MS G,B 36G- G CU 36H- B CU 36D- MS B - whip to M 36C- CU M 36 J- WS M leaving
END DAY # 4, Total Shots: 24					
DAY FIVE: Monday July 26 Location: Conference Center Parking Garage Crew Call: 4:30 pm Cast Call: 5:30 pm 4:30 pm - 5 am					
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot
4:30 pm - 6 pm: SET UP					
6 - 8 pm	1,3	pg 9	12	EXT.HOTEL PARKING LOT-NIGHT	12A- CU K 12B- K's POV B 12C- K's POV CU sugar
	2	pg 27-28	39	EXT.HOTEL PARKING LOT-NIGHT	39A- CU follow M at trunk 39C- CU M at gas tank 39B- CU gas cap
8:00 - 9:30 pm	1,2	pg 38-39	49.1	INT.HOTEL BAR-TABLE-LATER Simultaneous: Ext.Courtyard /	49.1A- EWS K + M 49.1B- 2S K + M 49.1C- CU K

						49.1D- CU M 49.1E- CU CLOCK
9:30 - 10:30 pm	1,2,13	pg 9-10	13	INT.HOTEL BAR-NIGHT	13A- WS M at bar, K enters 13A- WS M at bar, K enters 13D- CU M 37A (same as 13 D)	
10:30 - 11:30 pm	1,2,13	pg 27	37	INT.HOTEL BAR-NIGHT	37B- WS M's POV B 37C- CU M's POV B 13B- 2S K+M 13C- CU K	
11:30 - MIDNIGHT: SUPPER						
Midnight - 1 am	1,2, 13	pg 18	20	INT.HOTEL BAR-NIGHT	20 A- WS 49D 2S K+M 20B- Profile M 49B same as 20B 20C- Dolly to bandage 49A CU M pan to gauze 49C- Karl	
1 - 2 am	1,2,13	pg 38	49	INT.HOTEL BAR-NIGHT	14A- WS 14B- CU K 14C- CU G 14D- CU J	
2 - 3 am	1,8, 14	pg 10-11	14	INT.HOTEL-CHECK IN DESK-NIGHT	40A- WS 40B- CU M 40C- CU G 40D- CU N	
3 - 4 am	2, 7, 8	pg 28	40	INT.HOTEL-CHECK IN DESK-NIGHT	38B- WS M in hallway 38D- WS to CU: M walks to cam 38A- WS N at desk	
4 - 5 am	2,3,7	pg 27	38	INT.HOTEL-NIGHT-CONTINUOUS		
END DAY # 5, Total Shots: 38						
		DAY SIX: Tuesday July 27 Location: CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL Crew & Cast Call: 7 pm		7 pm - 7 am	Karl -> Old Karl: 30 min. Old Karl -> Karl: 50 min.	
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot	
7 pm - 9 pm: SET UP		& KARL MAKE UP TO OK				
9 - 11 pm	1	pg 11-13	15	INT.ROOM 208-CONTINUOUS	15D- CU door 15B- MCU OK 15E- MCU OK 16C- K's POV of OK 15C- WS K + OK 15G- WS K + OK	
11 - Midnight: SUPPER		& KARL MAKE UP CHANGE TO OK		& SET UP FOR SFX SHOT		
Midnight-2:30 am		pg 11-13	15	INT.ROOM 208-CONTINUOUS	15C*- WS K + OK 15G*- WS K + OK 15A- MS K at doorway 15F- MCU K	
2:30 - 3 am	1	pg 13-16	16	INT.ROOM 208-MOMENTS LATER	16A- MS K 16B- MS K peeking	
3 am - 3:30 am	1	pg 16	17	INT.ROOM 208-MOMENTS LATER	17A- MS K in bathroom 17B- OK's POV K popping out	
3:30 - 4 am: MAKE UP CHANGE TO OK						
4 - 4:30 am	1	pg 16	17	INT.ROOM 208-MOMENTS LATER	17C- WS OK 17D- MS OK	
4:30 - 5:30 am		pg 16-17	18	INT.ROOM 208-CONTINUOUS	18B- CU OK 18C- WS K + OK	
5:30 - 6 am: MAKE UP CHANGE TO KARL		& SET UP FOR SFX SHOT				
6 - 7 am		pg 16-17	18	INT.ROOM 208-CONTINUOUS	18C*- WS K + OK 18A- CU K	
END DAY # 6, Total Shots: 20						
		DAY SEVEN: Wednesday July Location: CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL Crew & Cast Call: 7 pm		7 pm - 7 am	Karl -> Old Karl: 30 min. Old Karl -> Karl: 50 min.	
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot	
1st 15 MIN.	2	1	2	ILLUSTRATION - K	K looking forward	
7 - 8 pm: SET UP						
8 - 9 pm	1,2	11& 29	41 & 52	INT.HOTEL HALLWAY-NIGHT	41B- MS M at crossroads 52B- MS K at crossroads	
9 - 10 pm	1,2	17-18 & 37-38	19 & 48	INT.HOTEL HALLWAY-NIGHT	19B- WS K + M 19A- CU K	

10 - 11 pm	1	11	52	INT.HOTEL HALLWAY-NIGHT	48A- CU M 52A- WS 52C- CU Rm 208 52D- CU Rm 207
11 - Midnight: SUPPER & SET UP FOR SCENE 16.1					
Midnight - 3 am	1	14-16	16.1	INT.ROOM 208-MOMENTS LATER	16.1B- MS K at window 16A (K's POV of street) 16.1E- CU K sitting 16.1G- WS K pacing- pan 16.1K- CU glass breaks 16.1 I- CU K at bathroom 16.1D- WS K + OK
3 - 4 am MAKE UP CHANGE TO OK & SET UP FOR SFX SHOT					
4 - 7 am					16.1D*- WS K + OK 16.1C- MS OK 16.1F- CU OK 16.1H CU OK 16.1J- CU OK
END DAY # 7, Total Shots: 20					
DAY EIGHT: Thursday July 29 Location: CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL Crew: 7 pm Cast: 7:30 pm 7 pm - 7 am					
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot
1st 15 MIN.	2	18	22	ILLUSTRATION - M	M looking forward
	2	20	28	ILLUSTRATION - M	M examines codex
7 pm - 8 pm: SET UP					
8 - 11 pm	2,3,4	pg 31-33	45	INT.HOTEL HALLWAY-LATER	45A- M's POV empty hall 45B- OTS M sees W 45G- CU W 45C- CU M 45F- EWS of room 207 46A-M's POV EWS Room 207 45B- M's POV empty br
11 pm - 2 am	2,3	pg 28-29	41	INT.HOTEL HALLWAY-NIGHT	41A- WS M walking 41C- WS B to WS B+M 41D- CU hand w/ blood
2 -3 am: SUPPER					
3 - 5 am	2,3	pg 29-30	42	INT.ROOM 207-MOMENTS LATER	42A WS- doorway M+B 42C- CU M- pan to note 42B- CU note 42D- CU M
5 - 7 am	2,3	pg 30-31	44	INT.ROOM 207-BATHROOM-LATER	44A- WS in hallway 44B- CU gauze 45D- M's POV B on toilet
END DAY # 8, Total Shots: 17					
DAY NINE: Friday July 30 Location: CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL Crew Call: 7 pm Cast Call: 8 pm 7 pm - 7 am					
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot
7 pm - 9 pm: SET UP					
9 pm - 2 am	2,3	pg 33-36	46	INT.ROOM 207-CONTINUOUS	45F- EWS of room 207 46A-M's POV EWS Room 207 45B- M's POV empty br 45C- CU M enters br door 46D- M's POV of B to WS B+M 46F- 2S M+B 46E- M's POV CU binder 46H- Profile CU B 46G- Profile CU M
2 -3 am: SUPPER					
3 - 7 am	2,3	pg 36-37	47	INT.ROOM 207-LATER	47A- WS M+B pan w/ M to bed 47B- OTS M: B at door 47D- CU B at hallway 47C- CU M sits, follow w/ pans
END DAY # 9, Total Shots: 13					
Saturday July 31 : DAY OFF!!!					
DAY TEN: Sunday Aug 1 Location: BENEDICT HALL 10 am - 10 pm					

Crew Call: 9 am for Production Design; 10 am for all other crew					
Cast Call: 11 am					
TIME	Cast	Sheet #	Scene	Set	Shot
9 - 11:30 AM SET UP (includes DOLLY assembly)					
11:30 am - 2:30 p	1,4	pg 39-41	51	INT.WALTER WALLACE'S OFFICE-DAY	51A- WS W+K 51D- 2S W+K 51C- CU K 51B- CU W 51SER (b-roll)
2:30 - 3:30			50	EXT.UNIVERSITY BUILDING-DAY	50A - DOLLY in hallway 50SER - b-roll
3:30 -4:30 pm: SUPPER					
4:30 - 5:30 pm: COMPANY MOVE TO MT. BONNELL					
5:30 - 6:30 pm: SET UP					
6:30 - 8 pm	1,2	pg 41	53	EXT.HIKING TRAIL-EVENING	53A- M 53D- Dog's POVish M 53B- CU K 53C- M's POV dog 53E- EWS K+M cross street
8 - 9 pm	1,2	pg 41-43	54	EXT.HIKING TRAIL-MOMENTS LATER	54C- CU K 54D- CU M 54A- EWS to MS K+M 54B- VISTA w/ K+M
SUNSET					
WRAP OUT & END DAY # 10, Total Shots: 20					
EQUIPMENT CHECKIN: NOON - 2 PM					

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